

INTRO...BUST



Here's a little background as to what exactly it is you are holding in your hand. Originally, my friend Don wanted to do a 'zine that focused on skateboarding and hardcore/punk rock music and the lifestyle that goes hand in hand along with them. He asked a few of his friends if they'd like to contribute anything to it. I had always wanted to do a 'zine but never really took the initiative so contributing to Don's would have offered me the perfect opportunity to document some of the thoughts, stories and experiences that had been rolling around in my head for the past 15 years or so. I dove head first into my first literary undertaking.

I thought back to a time in high school when I ate, slept and breathed hardcore music and how every waking moment spent off of a skateboard was spent envisioning myself on one. In my parent's basement, I found my "hardcore" box which was filled with flyers, 'zines, pictures and writings I had accumulated over the years. I also came across a stack of old skating pictures of my friends and I spanning grade school through college. When I think of how these two forces (skateboarding and hardcore) affected my adolescence, "influence" is much too small a word. I knew I'd have no problem finding stuff to write about.

To make a long story short, no one else wrote anything for the 'zine and after a conversation with one of the other "contributors", it was decided that I would just change the name and put out whatever I had done already as sort of my own autobiographical 'zine. The more I worked on it, the more it became a loose scrapbook of my life beginning around 1986 and continuing on through the present day. Skateboarding came first for me and hardcore followed accordingly soon after. Any band photos you see within these pages are of groups that, in one way or another, for better or worse, helped shape who I am today.

I tried to make it an interesting read with a little bit of humor thrown in that I'm sure won't come across in print. Even though it's pretty much a personal account of my own experiences, I hope you can find some level on which you can relate to it. Enjoy. I'm never doing this again.

- Brett Barto 8/22/03

"What do you mean it's time, time for me to grow up.
I don't want any part. It's right to follow my heart" - GORILLA BISCUITS





MY FIRST RAMP

THE FIRST RAMP I EVER SKATED WAS IN MYRTLE BEACH SOUTH CAROLINA WHEN I WAS IN THE 5TH GRADE. OUR PARENTS HAD JUST BOUGHT MY BROTHER AND I OUR FIRST "REAL" BOARDS. I GOT THE FIRST ALVA EDDIE REATUSUI MODEL AND MY BROTHER GOT A TONY HAWK. THE GUY AT THE SURF SHOP TOLD US THERE WAS A RAMP THAT THE LIFE GUARDS USED TO SKATE BEHIND ONE OF THEIR HOUSES. HE SAID IT WAS KINDA BEAT UP BUT THAT WE COULD SKATE IT IF WE WANTED TO. MY DAD GOT THE DIRECTIONS AND WE SET OFF TO FIND IT. I STILL REMEMBER TURNING THE CORNER IN THE FAMILY STATION WAGON AND THE FIRST VERY RAMP I HAD EVER LAID EYES ON COMING INTO VIEW. WELL, AT LEAST 3/4 OF IT. WHEN THE GUY AT THE SHOP SAID IT WAS "KINDA BEAT UP" HE WASN'T KIDDING. IT HAD ONE FULL SIDE STANDING ABOUT 10 FEET HIGH WHILE THE OTHER SIDE JUST WENT UP TO AROUND 4. IT SEEMS THE ONE SIDE HAD JUST COLLAPSED. THE FULL SIZED SIZE'S DECK HAD ALSO COLLAPSED WHILE THE OTHER SIDE'S WAS PILED IN THE WEEDS BEHIND THE TRANNY. THERE WERE BOWLING BALL SIZED HOLES SCATTERED THROUGHOUT THE FLAT AS WELL AS WHAT WAS LEFT OF THE TRANSITION. THE WOOD WAS SPLINTERED AND BLISTERED FROM BAKING IN THE SUN FOR WHO KNOWS HOW MANY YEARS. YOU COULD TELL IT HADN'T BEEN SKATED IN A LONG TIME. IT WAS A PRETTY GNAarly SIGHT. I THINK MY VISIT THERE QUALIFIES AS MY VERY FIRST TRIP TO A "SHITTY" NEIGHBORHOOD. I REMEMBER THERE WERE ALL THESE RUNDOWN BEACH HOUSES WITH DIRT YARDS AND RUSTED LAWN FURNITURE THAT THE LIFEGUARDS LIVED IN FOR THE SUMMER. I THOUGHT IT WAS AWESOME. WE SET OUR BOARDS ON THE FLAT AND PUSHED OFF TOWARDS THE "LOW SIDE". WE DID A COUPLE KICKTURNS AND HAD TO JUMP OFF OUR BOARDS TO AVOID THE POTHOLES IN THE FLAT. I TRIED TO GO AS HIGH AS I COULD ON THE TRANSITION. I'M SURE I CLOCKED IN AT AROUND 3 FEET UP ON MY "CARVES" BUT IT FELT LIKE I WAS JUST SHY OF THE LIP. WE ONLY SKATED FOR ABOUT 15 MINUTES. WE HAD TO GO PLAY OUR 8TH ROUND OF MINI-GOLF THAT WEEK AND THEN GET ICE CREAM AT THE MALL. IT WAS A GREAT VACATION.

EVER HAVE YOUR LIFE CHANGED FOREVER




THIS IS THE FLYER FROM MY FIRST D.I.Y. SHOW. I THINK I WAS IN EIGHTH GRADE. MY BROTHER AND I WENT WITH A FRIEND WHO COULD DRIVE. THERE WERE ALL THESE PUNK KIDS RIAMING AROUND OUTSIDE. THESE SKINHEADS HAD SOME KID LOCKED INSIDE OF HIS CAR. HE MUST HAVE DONE SOMETHING TO ONE OF THEM CUZ THEY WERE ALL BANGING ON THE HOOD AND THE WINDOWS TELLING HIM TO COME OUT AND FIGHT. HE WAS SCARED SHITLESS. I MOSHED FOR THE FIRST TIME THAT NIGHT. ACTUALLY IT WAS MORE LIKE JUMPING AROUND LIKE A BLITHERING IDIOT BUT IT WAS FUN. THERE WAS ONE KID STUFFING MONEY IN HIS SOCK. WHEN I ASKED HIM WHY HE WAS DOING IT HE SAID "SO IT WONT FALL OUT WHEN I STAGEDIVE"... AWESOME.

Q: WHICH ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER MOVIE INSPIRED THE

"WILD IN THE STREETS" FIT PERFECTLY IN THE SCENE WHERE

GORILLA BISCUITS INSTED NO NO

FOR AN ANSWER  FOR AN ANSWER

beyond

WALLY'S PLACE
-PRESENTS-
SATURDAY NOVEMBER 19th
7:00 SHARP!
ALL AGES
NO DRINK BREAKS

OPENING LINES OF THE BEYOND DEMO???

A: PREDATOR

STRAIN PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS

CIRCLE JERKS

FROM L.A.

ALSO APPEARING

- ★ GANG GREEN. (BOSTON)
- ★ BODIES IN PANIC (N.J.)
- ★ LOVE BATTERED (Philly)

MONDAY.. DEC. 30th

ALL AGES WELCOME.

7:PM SHARP!

TICKETS \$7 ADVANCE \$8 DOOR.

AT THE WEST CATTY PLAYGROUND HALL

COREY WEBSTER WAS GETTING CHASED BY HOOK AND THE DAGGERS

HARDCORE PUNK ROCK

LOVE HALL broad + south st.s 8:00 Philadelphia..

AUG. 5

SUICIDAL TENDENCIES

FROM CALIFORNIA

REBEL TRUTH

FROM NORTH CAROLINA
No Labels and Corosion of Conformity
PLUS AMERICAN DREAM from Philly



I ONLY GOT TO SEE S.T. ONCE AND I BOUGHT ONE OF THEIR HATS. WHEN YOU FLIPPED UP THE BILL UP IT SAID "SUICIDAL" ...I ALWAYS KEPT THE BILL FLIPPED UP.

OLIVER J'S

YOUTH OF TODAY

JUNE 11

BOLD JUDGE

GORILLA BISQUET

WORD MADE FLESH

YOUTHFUL AGGRESSION

YOUTH CRISIS

\$10

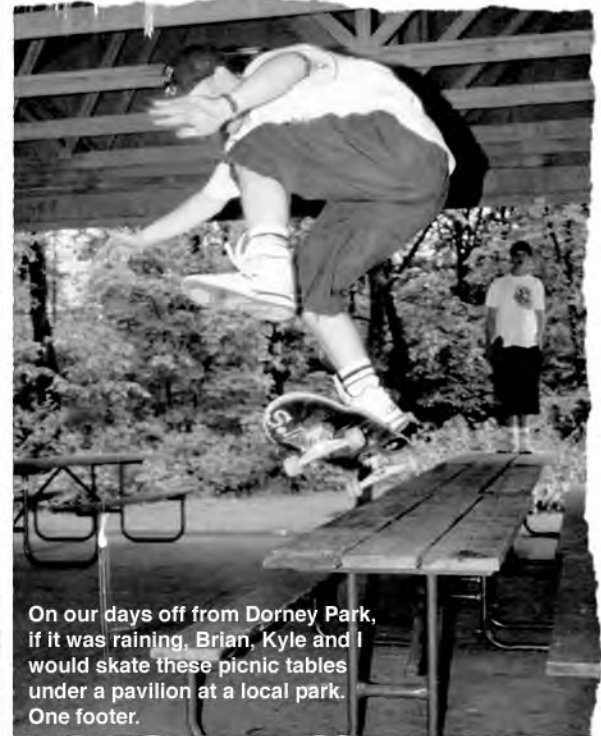
15 N. 7th Street
Center Square, Allentown, PA

6:00

WHEN THIS SHOW HAPPENED I WAS STUDYING AND PREPARING MYSELF TO GROW UP AND WRITE ESSAYS



Wallride at Magic for my birthday. It was me, Brian, Bortz and Roeder.



On our days off from Dorney Park, if it was raining, Brian, Kyle and I would skate these picnic tables under a pavilion at a local park. One footer.

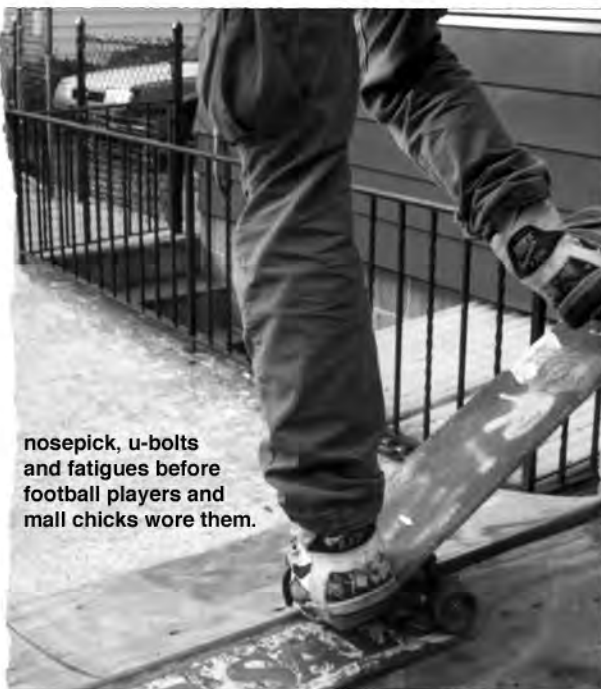


I would give anything to have our old lip trick ramp back. She was one of Brian's finest.

Sometime in 1986, the oldest kid on our block got a skateboard. By the next week all the other kids in the neighborhood had them too. Our aunt bought my brother Brian and I NASH Executioners at Toys R Us.

The rest is history.

We skated together religiously in those days. First on our patio and eventually moving around the block to our first double sided yellow curb. Over the next 10 years Brian constructed countless ramps, rails and boxes for us to skate. With new interests and different schedules we don't get to skate together that often anymore but I'll never forget the endless backyard lip trick ramp and schoolyard sessions.



nosepick, u-bolts and fatigues before football players and mall chicks wore them.



Brian had this acid drop on lock!

PREPS DIE!

THAT'S WHAT THE STICKERS SAID THAT MY FRIEND MADE IN HIS 7TH GRADE GRAPHICS CLASS. THEY WERE PLASTERED ALL OVER THE SCHOOL ON LOCKERS, LUNCHTABLES, DOORS AND STAIRWELLS. THERE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A BIG FIGHT BETWEEN THE "SKATERS" AND THE "PREPS" AT THE NEXT DANCE. I DON'T REMEMBER HOW THE WHOLE THING STARTED. I'M SURE SINCE IT WAS IN JR. HIGH SCHOOL IT WAS OVER SOME MATTER OF GRAVE IMPORTANCE. I WAS ACTUALLY FRIENDS WITH A LOT OF THE JOCKS AND DIDN'T HAVE A PROBLEM WITH MOST OF THEM. I KINDA LUCKED OUT TOO. MY LOCKER WAS IN BETWEEN TWO 9TH GRADERS. ON THE ONE SIDE WAS THIS SKATER WHO I THOUGHT WAS REALLY COOL CUZ HE'D ALWAYS HAVE SOME COOL BAND'S NAME WRITTEN ON HIS BACK PACK AND HE'D GIVE ME OLD THRASHERS AND STUFF. ON THE OTHER SIDE WAS THIS PUNK GIRL WHO WAS ALSO A CHEERLEADER SO SHE KNEW ALL THE FOOTBALL PLAYERS AND THEY KNEW ME FROM BEING AT MY LOCKER WHEN THEY WERE TALKING TO HER. IT WAS SORT OF A "YOU WERE NEVER AN ASSHOLE TOWARDS ME SO I HAVE NO REASON TO BE ONE TOWARDS YOU" RELATIONSHIP WITH A LOT OF THEM. ANYWAY, THE NIGHT OF THE DANCE COMES AND TENSIONS HAD BEEN BUILDING ALL WEEK. WITH ALL THE STICKERS, SPITTING, NAME CALLING AND HECKLING, THE FOUNDATION FOR A SUBURBAN RIOT HAD BEEN LAID. THERE WERE EVEN MORE COPS AT THE DANCE THAN USUAL. KEEP IN MIND THIS IS IN A VERY SMALL TOWN WHERE WORD TRAVELS FAST. SOMEHOW THE LAW GOT WIND OF THE "FIGHT" AND DECIDED TO MAKE THEIR PRESENCE KNOWN. MY FRIEND BUGGED OUT WHEN HE SAW THE COPS AND ASKED IF HE COULD STASH SOMETHING IN MY JACKET. (ALL THE JACKETS WERE KEPT IN A PILE ON THE STAGE) HE PULLED OUT A ROLL OF QUARTERS FROM HIS POCKET AND STUFFED IT DOWN THE SLEEVE OF MY LIFE'S A BEACH - SKULL AND CROSSBONES JACKET. MY OTHER FRIEND BROUGHT RAZORS WHICH HE QUICKLY PUT IN HIS SHOES ONCE HE NOTICED THE HEIGHTENED SECURITY. YET ANOTHER ARMED HIMSELF WITH A SCREWDRIVER HE MADE IN SHOP CLASS. I COULDN'T BELIEVE THEY HAD ACTUALLY BROUGHT WEAPONS TO THE DANCE. OF COURSE NOTHING HAPPENED. BESIDES SOME HECKLING BEHIND THE MCDONALDS AFTER THE DANCE, THE RIOT HAD BEEN QUELLED. ANYWAY, TO MAKE A SHORT STORY SHORTER, THESE DAYS WHEN I SEE JOCK KIDS AT THE MALL WEARING THEIR DC SHOES, INDEPENDENT HOODIES AND CROOKED BIRDHOUSE HATS, I THINK OF HOW 13 YRS. AGO MY FRIEND WOULD'VE TAKEN A RAZOR TO THEIR THROAT.

punk is out, rap is in.



"Dude, we should set some shows up at skateparks." - "OK."

TORNADO OF KNIVES READY TO RIP TOUR

**SUPER
SPRING
SKATEPARK
TOUR**

**THE DEADLY
TORNADO OF KNIVES
READY TO RIP
BLUEPRINT for
DESTRUCTION**



TUESDAY APRIL
TWENTY SECOND
SIX-THIRTY AT

**360
SKATE SPOT**

INFO
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360 SKATESPOT - WILLOW GROVE, PA



SATURDAY, MAY 3rd
6:00 PM
SESSIONZ SKATEPARK
570-961-0616
1229 REMINGTON AVE.
SCRANTON, PA

**GIGGY'S PRIME
PANIC ATTACK
TORNADO OF KNIVES
READY TO RIP
BLUEPRINT for
DESTRUCTION**

SESSIONZ SKATEPARK - SCRANTON, PA

COME SHOW YOUR K-TOWN MOSH CREW PRIDE! BRING YOUR BOARD! MOSH IT UP!
SATURDAY, MAY 10TH, 2003
@ SOUND WAVES 115 LITTLE ROCK RD READING PA 15101 939-0964



**CARPENTER ANT
COMMON
EVENT
PANIC ATTACK
TORNADO OF KNIVES
READY TO RIP**

A-TOWN SKATECORE
THAT JUST WON'T STOP!

READING PUNK MADNESS!

ANDY AND JAMIE
FROM RANCOR'S
NEW BREED OF HIC!

EX-ATARI FROM BACK
WHEN YOU COULD
SKATE K-TOWN!

EX-ATARI & THE CURSE,
OG KU CREW, PISSED!

doors open at 7:00pm
(inside wooden waves skatepark)

WOODEN WAVES SKATEPARK - READING, PA

since this show was on a tuesday night i really wasn't expecting all that many people to show up. i figured all the different bands' friends and at least the park locals would be there. i over estimated. the deadly cancelled like a week before the show and we found ourselves with no real "headliner". i didn't bother changing the flyer being as i already had changed it twice due to my misspelling jim's band's name on the first flyer and then them changing their name altogether to 'ready to rip' which called for yet another version. as soon as i got there i checked a message on my phone from my friend who said there was no PA at the park. i went inside to find only a handful of kids there. i talked to the guy in rentals who said that the kid who normally sets up the shows and brings the PA was nowhere to be found. i called jim and he said not to worry since they had already gotten their drummer to bring his PA. when all was said and done we played in front of about 3 people that weren't our friends. none of the bands ended up getting paid. the only redeeming factor of the whole night was that we all got to skate for free. since the bands played right off of the vert ramp, we just pumped around and did tricks on the flat while they were playing. about half way through the night even the manager gave up on telling us to wear helmets. this show was basically a practice on a vert ramp. dave played bass while kickturning on the ramp which i think qualifies as a first.

to me, the farther north you go in pennsylvania, the more depressing all the towns seem to become. scranton was no exception. the whole place seems to be about 4 years behind everywhere else. we arrived to another near empty park. the headlining band which according to the owner "brings over 100 kids every time" cancelled. at least we had the park to ourselves. any "lines" in this park really had to be worked for. the ramps were all shitty and the ground was chipped up but at least we didn't have to pay. here again the owner gave up on enforcing the helmet rule after his 17th trip out from behind his counter. there were a handful of kids at this show but there were also snack bar booths on the sides which many opted for over standing. the venue was actually pretty rad. low stage, high ceilings, just the right amount of filth. i could easily see how a well attended show could be really fun in this place. before any bands even played we spotted a busted picnic table just begging to be destroyed by someone. andy from panic attack got things going by tackling me into it during our set. don finished it off with a flying elbow drop on our last note. the best part was the flat ground session with all the bands after the show. we got 7 dollars for playing. we stayed at dave's family's lake house and sang wierd al's 'eat it' at karaoke night at the local bar. i was on lead vocals with jim, don, chris and his dad as my back up singers. the next day jim and i shot 3 different types of guns.

jim and i went up early to skate a little outdoor park in reading before the show. it was really small but it was outside, free and the weather was great so it worked out. our guitarist got lost coming to the show and got so pissed he told us he was just going home. (he eventually made it) a bunch of our friends came out and before the show started we actually went back to the outdoor park and got to screw around for a little while longer. the actual show was in a venue connected to but behind the skatepark. this place actually had their shit together for the show. they had a "band room" in the back with water and sodas, they had an actual schedule to go off of and the sound guy actually knew his shit and had all the bands sounding pretty good. in between bands we'd of course skate the park. we went 3 for 3 on getting away without helmets for who's ever counting. i had a lot of fun skating this park cuz a lot of my friends were there and that just makes any session (no matter where) that much better. we had our sets recorded live so i tried to think of clever things to say in between songs but of course i couldn't. there were little girls up front talking on their cell phones while the bands were playing. i thought that was cool. my brother, jim and i printed shirts for this show which are basically a different version of the flyer. they came out really good. no one bought any. i think we made 20 bucks at this show. i've since decided to retire from my career as a show organizer/promoter/performer. trust me, it's not as glamorous as i make it out to be.



Clockwise from center:

AGNOSTIC FRONT - If we'd miss the bus, we'd have to walk to school. The quickest way was to take the train tracks. Under a bridge on the tracks someone spraypainted "AF Skins" and "Murphy's Law". For the longest time I thought "AF" stood for "Air Force". I spent many walks to school wondering what skin had to do with the Air Force.

GANG GREEN - They played a reunion show at the Sweatshop in Allentown a few years ago and I'm still kicking myself for not going. I heard the singer puked on stage.

CHORUS OF DISSAPPROVAL - I think this is in Boston but I'm not sure. Chris said they were awesome. Another thing that is awesome is using a sample from 'Three Amigos'.

VERBAL ASSAULT - They were ahead of their time. "Trial" is a great album.

DRI - I caught 'em when they played the balcony at the Troc. They played 20 songs in a row before their first break. When I first bought the "Crossover" cassette I would draw their little moshing guy on everything. That was during my "logo stage" where everything I owned was covered in the Dead Kennedy's logo, the Suicidal Tendencies "ST" logo and the DRI "moshing guy" logo.

CHAIN OF STRENGTH - I actually hated Curtis' vocals the first time I heard the "What Holds Us Apart" 7". They grew on me over the next couple of weeks until it saw daily rotation on the turntable. Eventually it bumped the Pickle Patch compilation off of my charts completely. (Matt will get that, no one else will)



PHILLY SPOT CHECK

On the first nice day in awhile Jim called me at work and told me his plan for the night. The conversation went something like this, "Dude, it's so fucking nice out. Let's go push around." My reply, "OK." I picked him up after work and we headed into the city to get busy with some good old fashioned street skating.

SPOT 1 - Circular "stage" on 3rd and Lombard. (gaps, steps, small ledge) Nothing special but a good warm up spot. *We got kicked out after about 10 minutes.*

SPOT 2 - The WYSP wall at 5th and Market. (steps, wall, wall drop, rail) This is a pretty fun spot to mess around at. *We lasted approximately 2 minutes here before we got the boot.*

SPOT 3 - First Union Bank walls across the street. (brick banked walls, small steps) This used to be a hot spot when they had flat rail/bars in front of some sections of the bank but they're doing construction on it so you couldn't really even hit the walls. *Kicked out after 2 minutes. (I think the security guard at WYSP called over and gave him the heads up about us)*

SPOT 4 - I don't know the name of the building but it's right across the street from the Federal building on the corner of 6th and Market. (nice steps, drops, perfect ledge out over 6 steps) We rolled up and looked at the big flight of steps (a long set of 11 or 12), looked at each other and said "Maybe 5 years ago, but not tonight." Keep in mind the only real skating we've done so far is pushing the 20 plus blocks from where we parked off of South St. We rolled over to hit the smaller flight of 6 and get kicked out on our way there. *Estimated time at spot 4 is about 5 minutes.*

SPOT 5 - Afro Banks at 7th and Arch. (steep brick banks around the sculpture at the African American Museum) Classic Philly spot. As I'm rolling up I can see the security guard getting up from his desk. I get a rock-n-roll in while Jim busts one frontside and we don't even bother going back for a second run. We turn and leave. *Elapsed time...27 seconds.*

SPOT 6 - Manual pad at 8th and Arch. (manual pad) This spot sucks but it's just one of those that everytime you pass it, you just always hit it once on your way to the next spot. We got kicked out as I was rolling up to it. *Time...7 seconds.*

SPOT 7 - Parking garage banks. 10th St. a block south of Arch. (smooth, low bank with 2 steps at the end) A car is parked in front of the best part of the bank and it smells like piss. At least we didn't get kicked out, we just left. *Time spent, 1 minute.*

SPOT 8 - City Hall. Broad and Market. (benches, walls, stairs, a lot of FUCKING SHIT!) When we drove into the city there were about 20 kids skating here. Now there were 2 kids skating and about 3 kids lurking. We hit the low ledge on the south side for awhile for the first real grinds of the night. You almost forget what it feels like to grind a real ledge after skating angle-ironed skatepark ledges all winter. We went around the side to the "main" part and hit the benches pulling nothing remotely close to what gets thrown down on them on any given day. We didn't care. It was so fucking nice out and we were "pushing around" just like we wanted to. *We hit the steps on our way out in total darkness after 15 minutes of hassle free skating.*

SPOT 9 - Chain bank. 16th and Vine. (a shitty bank with a chain strung between the pillars that line the top of it) The section we were eyeing up to ollie into looked like a bomb went off on it. It was so chewed up since the last time we skated it. We got told to leave as we were looking at it and Jim hit it on our way out. *Time check...2 minutes.*

SPOT 10 - Curved Yellow Hotel Curb. (curved yellow curb) I don't want to reveal the location of this one for fear of it getting blown out. This freshly painted, 4 inch high beauty had a perfect, downhill approach and smooth ground to boot. You can "drop in", lock into the pocket and pull off 15 foot grinds with ease. We went for distance as well as style. As you can imagine, it being only 4 inches high allowed me to try all the kinds of grinds that kids 10 years younger than me are doing down 12 stair rails. It was fun as shit. The guy in the parking attendant's booth didn't even budge. The valets just

smoked their cigarettes and sat on their benches. A mom came up to us and asked us where the skateshops in Philly were located. She was from out of town and wanted to buy a shirt for her son. *After 25 minutes of endless grinds we decided to start heading back to the car.*

SPOT 11 - Love Park. Catty corner to City Hall. (ledges, rails, steps, drops) There were some kids skating the fountain's base ledge that had been at City Hall earlier. We gave them the bro nod and hit the fountain's step ledges on our way out. The new planters are ugly as shit and the homeless haven't left. *Time check, 6 minutes.*

It was a long skate back to the car so we stopped for some food and to wash our hands with the ice from the fountain soda machine. We chilled on a random stoop a few blocks away to eat. By this time we had been skating around Philly for about 2 and a half hours. (Keep in mind the travel time from spot to spot) The trick list for the night includes such "bangers" as:

- kickflip (both of us)
- frontside rock (Jim)
- smith grind through the pocket (me)
- chain ollie into bank (Jim)

Check your local shop for the "PHILLY HAS A LOT OF GOOD SPOTS BUT WE JUST CRUISED AROUND AND GOT KICKED OUT OF THE SHITTY ONES" video coming soon. It documents all the sickness of that night complete with heartbreaking beautiful slo-mo sequences of my no-comply to half-cab over the 12th St. manhole. And just wait until you see Jim get served as he rolls unknowingly into the rubber joining-strip at the Curved Yellow Hotel Curb and stops dead. You'll turn away as he picks himself up and wipes the blood off his right thumb.

The bust factor for the night was extremely high but I refuse to be deterred by it. It beats the hell out of paying 10 bucks to wear a helmet and wait for Johnny Park Skater to end his well rehearsed line. Tomorrow it's supposed to be 73 and sunny and I hear the double sided yellow curb across from The Hair Cuttery calling my name. Have fun. Skate Tough. When in doubt, go frontside.

Brett - 4/29/03





OREGON JUNE 4-10 2003

as most of you probably know, there have been a lot of skateparks opening up in and around the philadelphia area. i'd been going to a couple of them pretty regularly over the winter usually meeting up with some friends from back home in allentown. everytime i'd ask my friends in philly to go (with don being the exception) they always had the same response. "fuck that place, that place sucks." i'd always wondered why they were SO against going to these parks, why they would rather sit home and do nothing than skate them. after my first trip to oregon in early june with jim, who actually used to live in portland and made a return pilgrimage last year, i started see where they were coming from.

if you have never been to oregon to skate...go now. it's the best. it blows everything you have ever skated away. we hit 20 parks and covered 2,000 miles in 5 days. 20 parks. 5 days. 20 fun as hell parks in 5 fun as hell days. (we made a solemn pact that a park couldn't get checked off our list unless we laid a frontside grind on at least one lip) we had to wear helmets once. one park out of 20 asked that you wear a helmet. we paid zero dollars to skate these parks. zero. OK, factoring in the plane ticket and rental car and gas and everything it would come out to \$16.50 a park. (franklin mills expn park charges \$15 for two hours with helmet) but to be able to roll up to any one of these parks and not have to sign anything, wear any pads, be locked inside, dodge mall rats, skate within bullshit designated session times or put up with any other crap that every single skater bitches about at parks out here, i would have payed double that. did i mention they have water fountains? i wasn't sure if i wanted to write about each park individually or just about my overall thoughts on the trip. by now you've probably realized i chose the latter.

not to sound cheesy (too late for that) but that trip really changed my whole outlook on skating. (i know, that was cheesy as fuck) it wasn't just the parks either. the scenery in oregon, especially the coast, is amazing. in between skating sick parks we went to crater lake national park...amazing. if you ever go there try to throw snowballs into the water. you think you can reach, but trust me, you can't. when the temperature is 90 degrees and you're standing on top of 15 feet of snow, it's a good feeling. we also drove up the road where the opening credits of "the shining" was filmed, chilled on natural bridges where the "bridge" part is about a foot and a half wide and off one side it's 80 feet down to rocks and the other side is 80 feet down to water and we stood at the end of lewis and clark's trail. but to top it off, we saw where one eyed willy's ship sailed out of at the end of goonies. that shit was the best. as soon as i saw it the whole movie replayed in my head. jim and i raced up the hillside to the highest point to get the best view. i called my friends back home and was like "yo, guess where i'm at dog." after we had chilled on the cliff for awhile i did the truffle shuffle and grabbed some rocks as souvenirs. the rocks reminded me of the ones the young urban children would throw at us from outside the fence while we skated the northeast philly park. "fuck you tony hawk fagget!" they would yell and then fire away.

skate for free skate for fun

anyway, this trip was a blast. all these tiny ass towns had these killer parks. in the town of donald (one street, one restaurant, population 750) they have this sick pool. if this pool had been back east you would have had to jump some fence, have some one on look out for the cops or neighbors, drain or sweep it, barge it and be out of there in 15 minutes. here we parked our car and dropped in. free, clean, smooth. no fences, no waivers, no rules. parks like newberg and klamath falls were just plain ridiculous. picture a football field sized concrete park with everything you could ever want to skate or at least try to skate and you have the whole thing to yourself. (we caught the last week of the kids being in school so at the majority of these parks we had to deal with no more than 10 people) and another thing. i would have been stoked to skate these things even if they were half as big. there's no wasted space or dumb obstacles. no 6 stairs with a 2 foot runway. no 5 foot hip or 15 foot ledge that goes into a wall. they all flow. i might be coming off a little "gushy" and for that i apologize but you have to see it for yourself. there was not one park where i dropped in and had to push on my first run. in fact i think the most pushes i took at one time were 2 to hit the hip at burnside. i never found myself stopped dead at the bottom of a bowl or taking 20 pushes just to hit a foot high ledge. there was always somewhere else to go. another line to find. another hip higher than the one i had just ollied. jim and i were talking about how we'd be psyched to have just one corner of one of these parks to skate hassle free. even the token "little kid's" areas at these parks were more fun to me than a lot of the mall pay parks back east. i didn't pull any crazy shit or anything even worthy of a picture really but when i dropped in for the first time at aumsville (the last park we hit) at 11:00 at night, picked up speed, carved the pocket in the small bowl, pumped back up and rolled into the bigger corner, carved frontside, ollied a hip, carved backside, worked my back to the big corner, frontside slashed the spine and popped back out where i had started, i got a familiar feeling in my stomach. the feeling you get when you're just straight up having fun skating. i wished all my friends back home could have been there cuz i know the pictures and stories wouldn't do it justice. on our last night in oregon jim and i were trying to stay up so we could sleep on the plane the whole way home. i was saying how much fun i had and how sick i thought the parks were. he said to me,

"wait 'til you get home. it's gonna hit you in few days." i wasn't sure what he meant by that until a few days later when i was driving home from work and my friend called me. "yo, we're going to 360, you down?" the whole trip instantly replayed in my head. images of all the parks flooded my brain. from ashland's mini snake run to lincoln city 2's brand new cradle. from port orford's intimidating, no bullshit layout to cannon beach's oldest and mellowest frontside hip in oregon. the thought of paying to wear a helmet and skate inside after i had just skated parks surrounded with 40 foot pines and views that put most postcards to shame was less than inviting. i think my reply was something like "nah, i'm not really feeling it tonight." at that moment what i was really thinking was, "fuck that place, that place sucks." go to oregon. see for yourself. skate for fun.

p.s. i didn't see one razor scooter



me and jim



2 big pics of newberg and lincoln city were stolen from dreamlandskateparks.com (they built most of the parks we skated, check out their site and see for yourself what's out there) more of our shitty pics are on the next page

OREGON PICS

ENJOY



klamath falls...sick

jim should have saved the bird
he threw at medford for the
"chinese buffet" we ate at that night.

beats the jersey shore in my book anyway



moyer's waffle grips prove their
worth on the rocks at brookings

port orford, me, just past nine (weak)
find your lines kids, NO pushing!





lincoln city local charging the cradle. think of the fastest you've ever gone on a skateboard...he was going faster.



best night's sleep all trip, less than 10 min.
from lincoln city. lost my air mattress to a
renegade spark though. shit.

GOONIES NEVER SAY DIE!



some of point break was shot down
here. remember the carnival scene
in kindergarten cop? niether do i
but it was shot where we parked.



hillsboro, someone FINALLY got a street park right.



last night i skated a
parking block with wax
on top. i think i see another
trip to the left coast in my
near future.

YO, THIS RIGHT HERE BE THE TOP FIVES. PROVE ME WRONG.

movies

national lampoon's vacation (original)
sixteen candles
godfather I and II
red dawn
planes, trains and automobiles

T.V.

the wonder years
hogan's heroes
seinfeld
three's company
M*A*S*H

music

misfits
turning point
cro-mags
murphy's law
ramones

music (other)

built to spill
beatles
led zepplin
mazzy star
stone roses

books

howard stern's private parts
howard stern's miss america
james and the giant peach
fucked up + photocopied: instant art of the punk rock movement
the onion: dispatches from the tenth circle

tricks

no comply
backside 180 ollie
frontside rock & roll
frontside grind (on a curb, preferably painted yellow)
blunt to axle stall (on a curb)

boards

alva - eddie reatugui
sma - natas kaupas
zoo york - ricky oyola
alva - bill danforth mini
h-street - colby carter

boards (graphics)

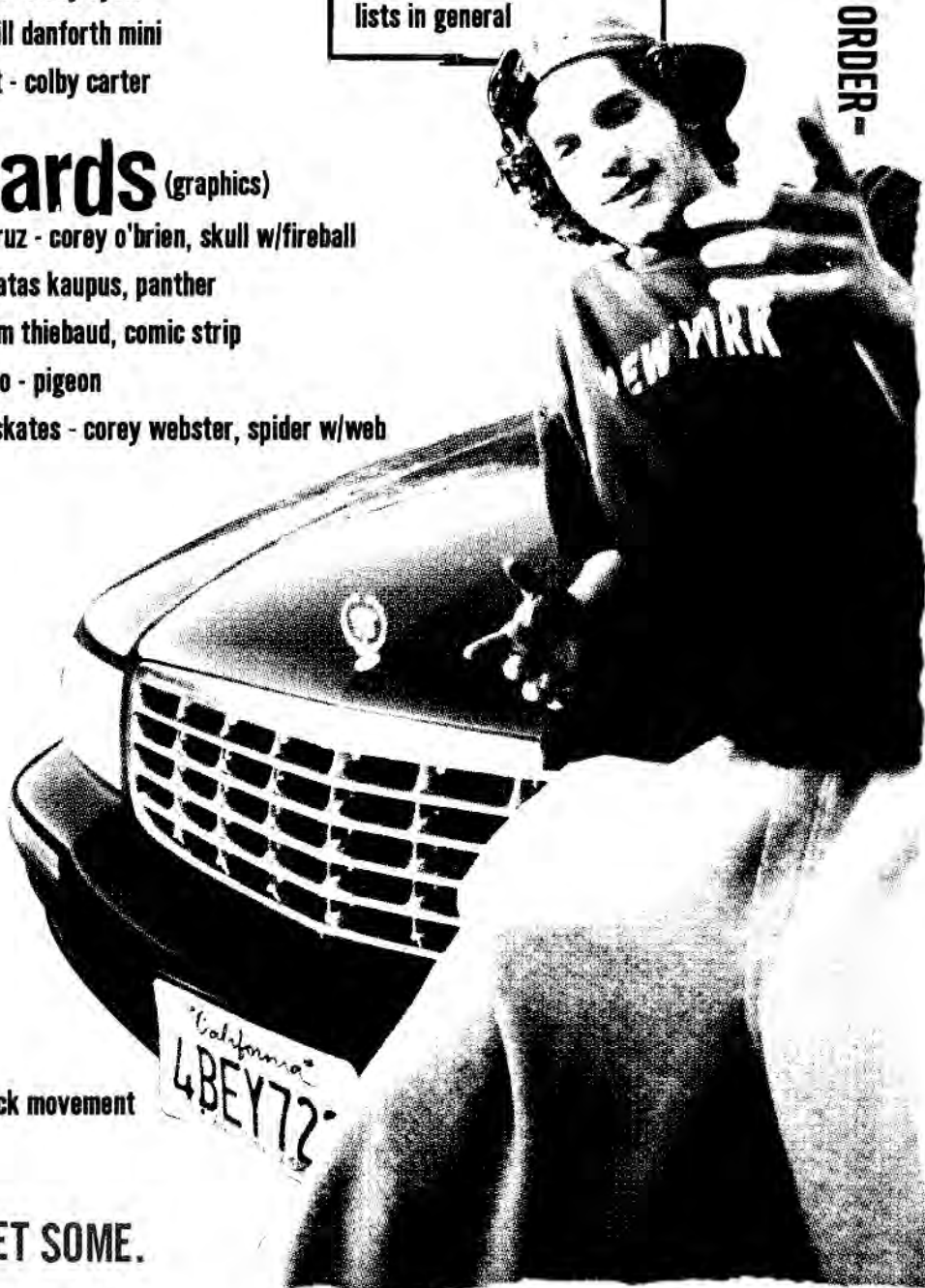
santa cruz - corey o'brien, skull w/fireball
sma - natas kaupus, panther
sma - jim thiebaud, comic strip
anti hero - pigeon
smash skates - corey webster, spider w/web

The lames

excess wax
designated session times
message boards
pay beaches
lists in general

bitch

- NO PARTICULAR ORDER -



GET SOME.

TO ME, THIS PICTURE OF WIDE AWAKE SUMS UP EVERYTHING THAT MAKES/MADE HARDCORE GREAT. CUT OFF SWEATPANTS, COLLEGIATE TEES, X SWATCH, HIGH TOPS WITH SOCKS ROLLED DOWN, X'S ON THE HANDS. WHAT MORE DO YOU NEED? I NEVER GOT THE WHOLE COLLEGIATE TEE THING THOUGH. THE CUT OFF SWEATPANTS I GOT, BUT NOT THE COLLEGIATE TEES.

BRING THE MOSH

MINOR THREAT WAS AWESOME.
IF THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN IN 1981
I WOULD HAVE BEEN IN KINDERGARTEN
AND THEREFORE PLAYING WITH MY
STAR WARS ACTION FIGURES.



FRIDAY AUG. 4th

YOUTH OF TODAY
LAST L.A. APPEARANCE

BOLD
GORILLA BISCUITS

UNDER DOG
INSTED
JUDGE
CHAIN OF STRENGTH

XXX

FRIDAY AUGUST 4TH
8:00 PM

Fender's

SEE BACK FIRST FRONT, 10PM, 11PM, 12AM

IN CASE YOU CAN'T
MAKE IT OUT IT SAYS
YOUTH OF TODAY,
BOLD, GORILLA BISCUITS,
UNDERDOG, INSTED, JUDGE AND CHAIN OF STRENGTH.
AND ON MY MOM'S BIRTHDAY NO LESS.

ALL PICS STOLEN

THE BEST

THIS PHOTO WAS TAKEN IN '92 OR '93 IN THE PARKING LOT OF A ROY ROGERS RESTAURANT THAT HAD CLOSED DOWN. TWO OF THE LOCAL SKATERS MOVED SOME PARKING BLOCKS AROUND AND THE NEW "HOT SPOT" WAS BORN. WITHIN A FEW DAYS, BOXES, WAXED CURBS, GARBAGE CANS AND OTHER GHETTO OBSTACLES WERE ARRANGED INTO OUR VERY OWN AFTER SCHOOL SKATEPARK. IT BECAME THE PRESUMED MEETING SPOT FOR SHOWS OR ANY OTHER SOCIAL OUTING. WE SKATED IT RELIGIOUSLY PRACTICING OUR NOSESLIDES AND HEELFLIPS AND WORKING ON OUR FLATGROUND "LINES" AROUND THE PARKING LOT. THERE WAS A FRIENDLY'S NEXT DOOR WHERE WE CONSUMED REESE'S PIECES SUNDAES LIKE THEY WERE GOING OUT OF STYLE. OUR FRIEND WORKED IN THE MOVIE THEATRE IN THE ADJOINING MALL SO IF A SESSION EVER GOT BORING, WE COULD CATCH A FLICK AND GORGE OURSELVES ON POPCORN, PRETZEL BITES AND ROOT BEER ALL FREE OF CHARGE. THE PANTS WERE BIG, THE WHEELS WERE SMALL AND THE TRICKS WERE SLOPPY. IT WAS THE BEST.

this kid moved to vermont to work on telephone poles or something. he used to call radio shows and request S.O.D.'s "speak english or die!"

this kid got the shit beat out of him at a show and put in the hospital by a skinhead. a few years later he moved in with the same skinhead and rented a room from him.

this kid makes maps of mexico and claims his wrist is still messed up from diving at a snapcase show in 1994

this kid got jimmy gestapo of murphy's law to sign his hat the first time he saw them.

this kid became a dirty hippy and i'm pretty sure he stole my no escape "hangman" shirt too. (as if becoming a dirty hippy wasn't bad enough)



three 7"s that i love and you probably hate...



REVEAL - descent

reveal was great. at a time when the straight edge scene was anything but menacing with kids wearing sweater vests and headbands, reveal stepped up to the plate and made it cool (at least for a couple weeks) to X up again. i realize some of you reading this may not have even heard of them. they weren't around for very long and i don't think they played many shows at all. their 7" and their song on the "it's for life" comp are the only recordings that i know of by them. if you've heard either of these then you know they didn't earn their stripes for their musical ability or troll's vocal stylings. the fact of the matter is that in 1992 they were doing what 90% of the kids going to shows wanted to be doing but were too embarrassed to. (remember when you first got into hardcore and you swore that if you were in a band you would "go off" at every show and put every other band's "straightedgedness" to shame. that was reveal) they said fuck it and did it. i remember there was a lot of hype surrounding them too. there's one story involving reveal, integrity, a baseball bat and a certain aforementioned band not showing up at middlesex ccc because of a certain aforementioned baseball bat. i'm pretty sure it involved sean mcabe in someway too so the whole thing has to be taken with a grain of salt. i wasn't there so i can't vouch for anything but the story. i got to see reveal twice and both times they lived up to the image they presented on the record. anyway, i love the 7". it provided the soundtrack for many late night dorm room shows and bed side stage dives and that makes it a winner in my book.



VEGAN REICH - hardline

i'm not vegan and i don't plan on being vegan but i love this 7". i think it's the vocal barrage that kicks in and doesn't stop until the needle lifts itself off the vinyl. the guitar solos could be classified as lame by most but i think they add just the right touch. the "trade off" vocal style works for me too. before i heard vegan reich the only exposure i had to animal rights in hardcore was the youth of today video for "no more" and outspoken's "survival" 7". the "reich" took it to a whole different level. these guys were pissed. i think that was part of my attraction to this record. reading the lyrics, i'd conjure up these images of gangs of kids lobbing malatov cocktails at laboratories and then breaking the doors down and rescuing the animals. kind of like the pet store scene in pee-wee's big adventure but with hooded sweatshirts and ski masks instead of the jacket and bow tie. i'm not much of an activist though so i just kept it in my head and went vegetarian. my friend and i would engage in heated, fire and brimstone debates in college whenever we'd compare and contrast vegan reich lyrics with green rage lyrics. "this is it, no second chances. take heed! it's your last warning. you'd better lock yourself inside because the storm is fucking coming!" i'm *still* waiting for the vegan revolution begin.



HORIZON RECORDS Hardcore COMPILATION

i must have had the "horizon comp" on at least 10 different mix tapes throughout the years. it's not going to show up and anyone's want list on the rev board and it seems to frequent the dollar bin when it shows up in a record store. i bought my copy from aj (flagman's singer) in the hallway between classes in 10th grade for 2 dollars. for anyone who hasn't heard it, it features encounter, ressurection, flagman and lifetime. i had to listen to lifetime's song a few hundred times before i could decide if i liked it or not. it did grow on me though and i loved the rest of the comp as well. i couldn't decide between encounter and ressurection for my favorite song. my old band played a party with flagman and when they covered 'solitude' the place went nuts. rob fish's vocals definitely gave me chills the first time i heard 'melting away'. this may seem exaggerated but give me a break, i was in 10th grade. i even called aj one night to see if he knew the words to 'melting away' since we wanted to cover it at our next show. if this comp saw any kind of regular rotation on your turntable then at some point in time you had at least 3 stussy t-shirts in your closet, a headband or 2 incorporated into your wardrobe and a few long sleeve gap shirts which you tucked into your jeans with frayed bottoms which you may or may not have worn to a show at scarlett o'haras in bethlehem...brett



Strife

THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN AT THE MIDDLESEX COUNTY COMMUNITY COLLEGE IN NEW JERSEY. THIS SHOW WAS SICK. I THINK IT WAS OUTSPOKEN, STRIFE, ENDPOINT, FOUR WALLS FALLING, RESSURECTION, MOUTHPIECE AND A FEW OTHERS. IT WAS WHEN STRIFE HAD JUST STARTED TO GET BIG ON THE EAST COAST. FOR US TO GET A RIDE TO THE SHOW, MY BROTHER HAD TO PAINT A HUGE SCOOBY-DOO HEAD ON OUR FRIEND'S SISTER'S CAR HOOD. HE DID IT AND WE GOT OUR RIDE. I TRIED TO BE LIKE EVERYONE ELSE WITH CAMERAS AND JUST HOLD IT ABOVE MY HEAD, POINT AT THE STAGE AND CLICK BUT WITH THE EXCEPTION OF A FEW SHOTS LIKE THIS ONE, I JUST ENDED UP WITH ABOUT 30 PICTURES OF THE FLOOR.





MY FRIEND CHAD SAW GORILLA BISCUITS WHEN THEY PLAYED AT UNISOUND IN READING, PA. CIV SAID SOMETHING ABOUT HOW THEY WERE ALL GOING TO DORNEY PARK THE NEXT DAY. CHAD WENT AND WORE HIS JUDGE SHIRT AND WALKED AROUND UNTIL HE SAW THEM. HE SAID PORCELL DID A DOUBLE TAKE AT HIS SHIRT AND GAVE HIM A NOD. YEARS LATER I SAW A VIDEO FROM THAT SHOW AND IT LOOKED FUCKING AWESOME. NON-STOP DIVES...FUN.

clockwise from top left:

- gorilla biscuits
- sheer terror
- circle jerks
- black flag flyer
- youth of today
- blueprint for destruction





MORE PICS

DOING A 'ZINE GAVE ME THE OPPURTUNITY TO FILL PAGES WITH RANDOM PICTURES LIKE THESE. ENJOY IT, OR DON'T. I DON'T CARE EITHER WAY.



clockwise from upper left:
 - lowdown, pitfall and pank keepin' it real...ghetto
 - brian and chewy celebrate their graduation from KU
 - DT off the extension
 - andrew and bryan get ready to FSU on halloween at k-town
 - aaron, me, hank the angry drunken dwarf and matt in atlantic city. R.I.P. little man
 - j. sprint chillin' after running from the man at LOVE park

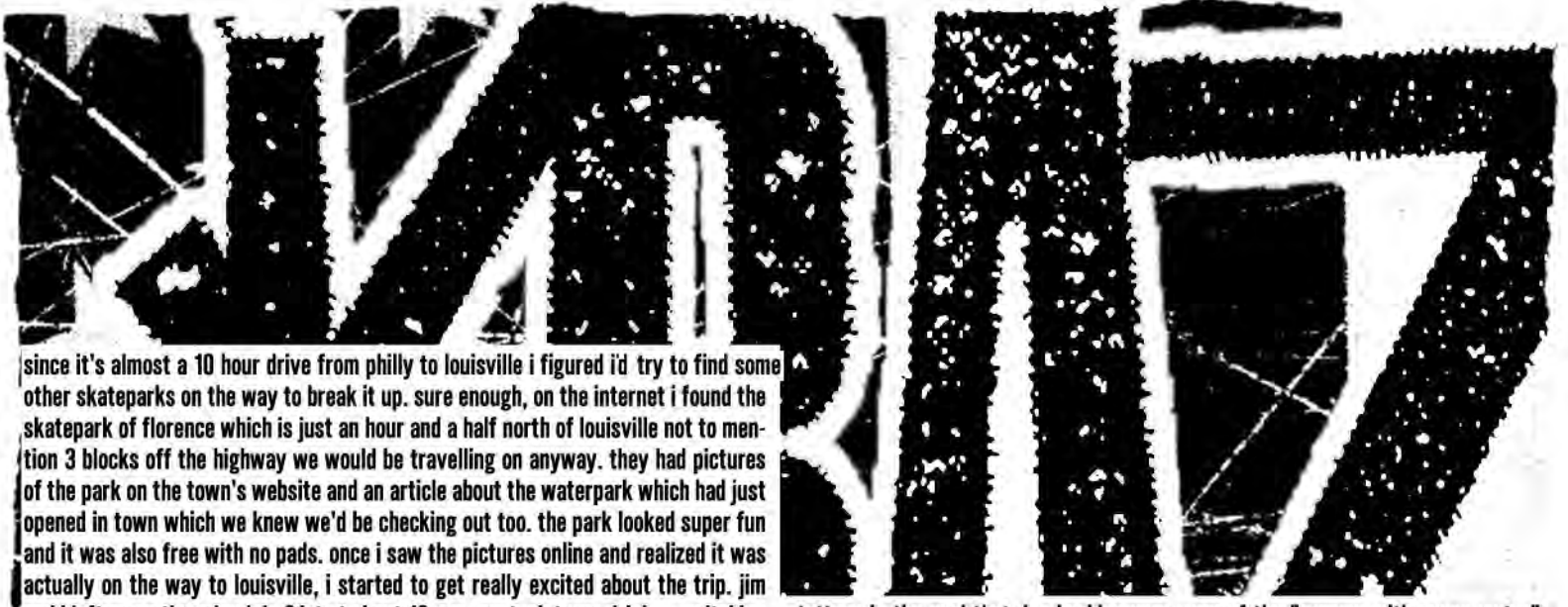


Once I heard my friends' band, The Jazz June, was playing Krazy Fest VI In Louisville, Kentucky this year, I knew I had to go. First of all, I hadn't seen them play in almost 3 years and the fest was only 4 blocks from the Louisville skatepark which is free, open 24 hours with lights, no pads and insanely huge. Jim had just started playing keyboards for The Jazz June so we planned to go down together and skate, see some bands and hang out with friends. This 4 day trip turned out to be one of the best.

KRAZY FEST

"I like this picture of your little brother." - "That's my son."





since it's almost a 10 hour drive from philly to louisville i figured i'd try to find some other skateparks on the way to break it up. sure enough, on the internet i found the skatepark of florence which is just an hour and a half north of louisville not to mention 3 blocks off the highway we would be travelling on anyway. they had pictures of the park on the town's website and an article about the waterpark which had just opened in town which we knew we'd be checking out too. the park looked super fun and it was also free with no pads. once i saw the pictures online and realized it was actually on the way to louisville, i started to get really excited about the trip. jim and i left on thursday july 31st at about 10 p.m. we took turns driving, switching after about 3 hours each. there was no traffic the whole way and it really seemed to fly by. of course when you're assed out in the passenger's seat, time always seems to pass by a bit quicker than behind the wheel. after a couple fill ups and leg stretches we saw the first sign for florence just below cincinnati. i gave two toots on the horn in honor of dr. johnny fever, the greatest dj ever to spin wax. at exactly 7:00 a.m. on friday we pulled into the florence park's lot without another car in sight. that is always a good feeling. you just can't beat having an entire skatepark completely to yourself. lines and transfers were found in a matter of minutes which was a good thing because before we knew it, the first mini van had pulled up to dump off a fresh batch of ankle biters to dodge/beat down. the transfer from the street quarter to the back bank of the mini ramp's deck provided the most enjoyment. it just begs to be blasted. i can't imagine what could actually get thrown down on it. i stuck with frontside ollies and after a few tries jim pulled a backside floater. it was one of those things that you could do all day and never get tired of. we found a line and tried to run a train on it before the park got too crowded. roll into the back side of side of the street course, ollie the pyramid, transfer the hip, roll into the "ledge section" ollie the hip at the back of that part, come back up and roll back into the street course, hit the box across the banked hip, drop back in and across the "amoeba" deck, hit the bigger quarter against the other side of the mini's deck. we must have tried it 30 times and i don't think we ever got it. one of us would inevitably blow it before we got to the end. it was fun as hell trying though. by this time there were a lot of kids showing up which made it that much harder as one of them would always be standing right where we were going. (i know that sounds selfish but i also know that any skater reading this knows exactly what i'm talking about) anyway, it was getting hot as hell and we hadn't eaten yet so we hit up the local waffle house and got...waffles. jim is the only person i've seen unable to locate a "waffle" on the waffle house menu. for christ's sakes it's only the first thing listed in the upper left corner. the water park was literally a 30 second drive from the skatepark on the same street. it opened at 11:30 so we planned to eat and then skate some more to get super hot and make the water park experience that much more orgasmic. we skated in our trunks the second session to minimize "prep time" once we got to the water park. by the time we got there there was a line consisting entirely of moms and kids. that's it. it was no mystery to the locals who the outsiders where. the only

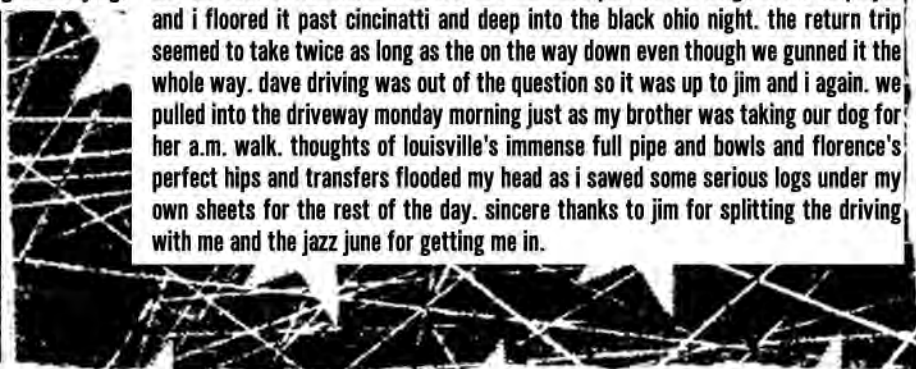
tattoos in the pool that day besides ours were of the "remove with soapy water" variety. the water slides did us more harm than good as the pool at the bottom was too short for the speed slide (we both hydroplaned it into the wall) and the twisty one's re-entry shot water so far up into my nose i needed a couple of stiff farmer's blows into the grass to clear it out and stop my eyes from watering. the water park as a whole was great though. we tried to look cool for the chick lifeguards on the lazy river ride and then caught some Z's on the lounge chairs in the shade. after a quick nap we hit the snack bar. it was great. i felt like i was 10 again. we hit the skatepark again until the heat became unbearable and then we flashed our stamps at the waterpark again for a "shower" before we headed down to louisville. i highly recommend stopping at the florence park if you're ever in the area. even though we left florence at 5:45 on a friday, the whole way to louisville was virtually free of traffic. we hit up a deli just north of the city and got free ice cream from the girl who owned it. she told us all this semi-interesting stuff about the how the town is in the richest county of kentucky thanks to the horse farms and some other shit that i don't feel like writing about. we brushed our teeth in the back of the shop, said thanks and left. guido's deli. good food. free ice cream. we pulled into downtown louisville a mere 20 minutes later. i had been there over thanksgiving of last year to skate the park when it might not seem so odd for a city to be quiet, but now on a beautiful summer friday night the city was just as dead. it's wierd. i guess i'm just used to the philly mob scene. we probably saw about 4 people walking around. there was krazy fest, the largest car show in the US and a baseball game going on and the streets looked like someone just pulled an air raid siren. that was fine by me though. it was nice to not sit in traffic on noisy streets surrounded by assholes. soon enough we spotted some kids in AFI shirts with dyed black hair and we knew we were in the right spot. louisville is super easy to get around as it's really not that big and there are only like 3 main streets and the waterfront which is suprisingly located on the water. the waterfront (where the fest was) is really nice. i think it's only a couple of years old. there are these plaques with the names of companies and individuals who donated money for the project. the first one is for 10 million dollars. we found a spot, parked, wasted 50 cents on the meter only to find out parking is free on the weekends and walked down to the waterfront to meet dave who was working at the very distro. table. this is gonna sound really lame but i have to admit it felt cool to be on the guestlist. i just walked past the whole line of kids, dropped my name and i got my bracelet for the weekend. we quickly found dave and shot the shit for a little bit before we checked out the skatepark. the place is huge. i can't imagine how much it cost and how they can afford to keep it free with no pads. the insurance must be insane. if a mini mart would open up on the same block they could make a killing. all they have is a little tent run by some lady and a couple kids with candy and some drinks with a cash box. i talked to the lady the first time i was there and she said they had the only permit to sell things at the park. they were still the only ones there, same tent, same dime store candy. the park was mobbed with kids. i



WATERS

can't understand how there aren't casualties occurring on a daily basis there. the kids who can skate are flying everywhere with no regard for others and the little kids are just hanging out with their fingers up there noses on the top of all the boxes or at the bottom of the bowls. we skated the fullpipe first and only stayed around for another half hour or so since it was a pretty chaotic scene. we went back to the fest which only had a couple of bands left. oh yeah, if someone offers you free front row tickets to the reggie and the full effect concert, just say no. we spent the rest of friday afternoon into the evening checking out the various tables and buying some records. killer deals were found on live bad brains, fear and cro-mags vinyl. there were tons of vendors all selling tons of cd's by tons of bands i've never heard of. i'm more of an 80's - 90's straight up hardcore kind of guy. i'm not really into the screamo scene or up on all the latest indie rock bands that all the hot girls listen to. after the fest, jim, dave and i grabbed some slop at a diner downtown and hit the bar scene. bars stay open until 4:00 am in louisville with cheap drinks to boot. the rest of the night consisted of the stuff reserved for diaries and police reports so let's move along shall we? the next morning, running on about an hour of sleep, we all met up and went to the fest to meet up with the guys from the jazz june. andrew low and i watched the merch table for the rest of the afternoon. after 3 and a half hours of black t-shirts and crooked, thrift store mesh hats, andrew had to wrestle the gun away from my temple. to make matters worse our table was across from PETA's who were showing video clips from slaughter houses on an endless loop. we decided on sunday we'd make a beeline for the table next to burningangel.com's. as soon as we were relieved of our shift we went back to the hotel room and watched the BET top 10 countdown. after a short rest we walked back down to the fest and joined the rest of the band on the "joes knows crabs" balcony that overlooked the whole fest. i borrowed jim's all access pass to check out the locust up close. i had never heard them before and as far as i'm concerned i don't need to hear them again. the costumes were cool and they seemed to be pretty talented at their instruments but to me it just sounded like noise. i guess that's kind of the point of whatever musical genre you'd lump them into though. it's not that i couldn't appreciate what they were doing, it's just not my cup of tea. the crowd loved it though so what do i know?. hatebreed was up next. i never saw/heard them before either. i got some blueberry shaved ice and grabbed the corner of the stage again with a perfect view of the band and the crowd. i was milking my backstage pass for all it was worth. i have to admit hatebreed's set was pretty intense. the crowd was going apeshit. when the singer requested the "fuckin' biggest fuckin' circle pit fuckin' crazy fest has ever fuckin' seen", he got it. in about 2 seconds the crowd whipped itself into honestly at least an 80 foot wide mosh track. it looked awesome from the stage. i would have been in there myself but i was wearing a white t-shirt and didn't want to chance spilling any blueberry ice on it. i found it amusing to zero in on one kid and watch him as he made a lap. half of the kids were just running to keep up with everyone else. no arms swingin' or legs kickin' just straight 4th grade playground style running. i'd be lying

if i said the whole scene didn't give me a chill for a second, it was pretty sick. next up was andrew w.k. he was the headliner and once again i took my place as stage potato for the night's final act. andrew w.k. to me is a novelty act but he did have me bobbing my head. no political speeches or lengthy song explanations, just music. he really is all about having fun. so were the kids who rushed him on stage and sang along. i thought it was cool of him to let them stay up there and sing along. some stayed up for the full length of his set. any other venue or performer would have had security clear the stage or probably stop the show. his dance moves were hilarious. i've seen him one other time in philly and both times he gave 100%. jim and i had front row seats for all the kids who tried to dive and got cased by the wet stage right before they took off. there's no way to look cool after eating shit in front of 2,500 people. it was classic. we headed back to the hotel room, met a girl who regularly drives while under the influence of cocaine and/or alcohol, worked for a travelling circus side show where she was hung by hooks pierced through her back and sleeps with a 40 year old nazi skinhead. after i blew my nose and ran a comb through my hair i was ready to hit the bar scene again. this night was a little slower so we headed back to the hotel relatively early. i actually got to catch up on some much needed sleep. the jazz june had to be at the fest early on sunday since they were playing that day so i picked dave up at his hotel and we tried to get in some street skating before their set. the waterfront has perfect banked walls which we immediately put to use with some wallride variations. when the jazz june took the stage dave and i just chilled in the back. it was good to see them play again. i remember when they were recording their demo in college and now they have 4 albums and 2 US tours under their belt. check out snakes and music if you're into them. it's andrew's new band. anyway, jim, dave and i peeled shortly after their set since we wanted to skate florence one more time on the way home. we said our goodbyes, shook the appropriate hands and headed north. we were back in florence in no time. this time the park was a total mob scene with kids lurking everywhere. we got some runs in but i was pretty beat and knew we had a long drive ahead of us. dave and i were chillin' on the side while jim kept skating. i gave him the "yo, whenever you're ready" line. his exact response was, "dude, you don't understand. as soon as we leave here i'm gonna be skating total shit until we take another trip." i found his words inspiring and got up to take a couple more runs. we finally left around 8:00 and the rest of ride home was brutal. i had dave put the cro-mags in the cd player and i floored it past cincinatti and deep into the black ohio night. the return trip seemed to take twice as long as the on the way down even though we gunned it the whole way. dave driving was out of the question so it was up to jim and i again. we pulled into the driveway monday morning just as my brother was taking our dog for her a.m. walk. thoughts of louisville's immense full pipe and bowls and florence's perfect hips and transfers flooded my head as i sawed some serious logs under my own sheets for the rest of the day. sincere thanks to jim for splitting the driving with me and the jazz june for getting me in.





KRAZY FEST

PLUS

rise and shine suckas.
florence, ky at 7:00 in the morning.
we even beat the grounds crew.



AWK came out of his trailer before his set, puked and then poured 3 bottles of water on his head. here, he and his #1 fan party, have fun and then get wet (in that order).

sean, me, jim and the louisville fullpipe. drop in and get some...





clockwise from top left:

- hatebreed cuts the shit and starts the pit
- at the jazz june merch table, andrew assembles his most recent literary masterpiece in hopes to further corrupt the minds of the children.
- at louisville, an 8 wheeler waits for mom's signal to roll in as cru jones pysches himself up for helltrack.
- JVD gets the strap at the burning angel table.
- jim gets his smith on in florence
- andrew deals with the pressures of being an indie rock sensation.



RANCOR

I met Andy Frobase at my first real summer job when I was 14. We had to walk through cornfields and rip the reproductive organ (the tassel) off each stalk so they could experiment with crossbreeding different types of corn. He put my phone number in a little phone book that he got out of a cereal box. We listened to Anthrax in our walkmans and threw stalks of corn at each other. When he was younger and he'd get mad at his brother Aaron, he would wipe his ass with his pillow. Come to think of it, he did that to Jamie a couple years ago at the beach. He wasn't mad at him, he just thought it would be funny. It was.



this was a good show.

We're Rancor and this is
a Demo. I would like to
explain what we're all about
And what Hardcore means to
us And How music can make
a change that's most overdue.
first off we started this band
for fun not to compete for
who's better than who. We're
not in it for money and
we're not in it to show off
we fancy some clothes on
stage we love Hardcore and
want to bring it back to
the way it was. We want to
bring back the sing alongs,
the high kick and the pile on's
so memorize our lyrics and
sing along. And help bring back
the Hardcore spirit.

Rancor

for Booking call (610) 395-4327 or
(610) 966-7466 or write Rancor P.O. Box 767
Trexelton PA 18087.



TEN YARD FIGHT

So what if the whole collegiate letter thing got played out. These bands along with a fistful of others in the late '90's got the pits started for the first time in years. I may have barely caught the tail end of the first wave of "Youth Crew" bands but I got to see the second wave from start to finish...BUST!

FLOORPUNCH





MY MISFITS TRIBUTE PAGE



THE MISFITS ARE HANDS DOWN MY FAVORITE BAND. WHEN I WAS IN 7TH GRADE AN OLDER KID THAT I USED TO SKATE WITH GAVE ME A RIDE HOME. AS I WAS GETTING OUT OF THE CAR HE SAID TO ME "DO YOU WANT THIS?" I TURNED AND SAID "WHAT IS IT?" HE SAID "IT'S A TAPE I STOLE FROM SOME KID." I SAID "SURE." THE TAPE WAS THE MISFITS "WALK AMONG US". I WENT TO MY ROOM, TOOK MY TWISTED SISTER TAPE OUT OF MY RADIO AND PUT IT IN. I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW MANY TIMES THAT NIGHT I PLAYED THAT CASSETTE. I LOVED IT. I THINK IT WAS THE VOCALS AND THE BACKING HOWLS THAT REALLY CAUGHT MY EAR. I WAS INTO SOME PUNK ROCK BY THEN BUT NOT A LOT. I HAD MY RAMONES AND DEAD KENNEDYS BUT NOTHING (AT LEAST IN MY EARS) AS RAW AS THE MISFITS. MY FRIEND DIDN'T HAVE THE CASE THAT WENT WITH THE TAPE SO SOME TIME PASSED BEFORE I WAS EXPOSED TO THE TOTAL MISFITS "IMAGE". ONCE I SAW THE SKULLS AND ZOMBIES I WAS HOOKED FOR GOOD. TO THIS DAY I THINK THE CRIMSON GHOST IS THE COOLEST BAND LOGO EVER. I BOUGHT 'LEGACY OF BRUTALITY' SOON AFTER AND WAS EQUALLY BLOWN AWAY. I SPENT MY WHOLE SUMMER LISTENING TO 'EVILIVE' IN MY WALKMAN WHILE I MOWED THE LAWN. "ONE MORE TIME YOU ASSHOLE AND YOU DIE!"...I LOVE THAT LINE. OF COURSE I WAS ABOUT 4 YEARS OLD WHEN THE MISFITS WERE PLAYING SHOWS SO I HAD TO WAIT FOR THE REUNION OF THE "NEW MISFITS" WITH MICHAEL GRAVES REPLACING GLENN. IT WAS MY SOPHOMORE YEAR IN COLLEGE SO IT HAD TO HAVE BEEN '85 OR '86 WHEN THEY PLAYED THE TROADERO. I WENT DOWN WITH ONE OF MY ROOMMATES AFTER CLASS. I WAS HONESTLY PLANNING ON JUST WATCHING THEIR SET. THEN THE LIGHTS DIMMED AND EVERYONE STARTED CHEERING. THEY DROPPED THIS HUGE SCREEN AND STARTED PLAYING THIS MONTAGE OF B-HORROR AND SCI-FI MOVIE CLIPS. THEY HAD 'HALLOWEEN' IF PLAYING OVER THE PA THE WHOLE TIME WHILE THIS WAS GOING ON. THE LAST SHOT WAS OF 4 HULKING SILHOUETTES WALKING TOWARDS THE CAMERA IN AN ALLEY WAY. ALL OF SUDDEN THE BAND COMES OUT AND BREAKS INTO 'HALLOWEEN'. MICHAEL GRAVES BURSTS OUT FROM BEHIND THE CURTAIN RIGHT AS THE LYRICS COME IN. AS SOON AS I HEARD "BONFIRES BURNING BRIGHT..." I KNEW I HAD TO BE A MAN ABOUT THE SITUATION AND GET MYSELF INVOLVED. I DROPPED MY JACKET AND ELBOWED MY WAY UP TO THE STAGE. I DIDN'T CARE IF IT WASN'T THE ORIGINAL LINE-UP OR THAT GLENN DIDN'T WANT ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT. I HAD WANTED TO SEE THIS BAND SINCE 7TH GRADE AND I'D BE DAMNED IF I WASN'T GONNA GET MY MOSH ON TO SUCH CLASSICS AS 'LAST CARESS', 'HATE-BREEDERS', 'BULLET' AND 'DIE, DIE MY DARLING'. I GOT MY DIVES IN (YOU COULD STILL DIVE THERE AT THAT TIME) AND BUSTED ELBOWS WITH THE BEST OF THEM IN THE PIT. IT WAS GREAT. THE SECOND TIME I SAW THEM WAS ALSO AT THE TROC AND WAS EQUALLY AS FUN SINCE A LOT OF MY FRIENDS WERE ABLE TO MAKE IT DOWN. THE THIRD TIME WAS IN JERSEY WITH SICK OF IT ALL AND H2O WHICH WHICH I THOUGHT WAS A GREAT SHOW. THE CROWD WAS COOL AS HELL. HARD DANCING BUT NO ASSHOLES JUST LOOKING FOR A FIGHT. AFTER THAT THE CHEESE FACTOR REALLY STARTED TO GO UP. ONCE THEY GOT RID OF GRAVES, IT KINDA SUCKED. I GAVE UP ON THEM THE LAST TIME I SAW THEM IN ALLENTOWN WITH JERRY SINGING. I KNOW A LOT OF PEOPLE REFUSED TO SEE THEM ALL TOGETHER SAYING "IT'S NOT THE REAL MISFITS, IT'S A COVER BAND." PERSONALLY I COULDN'T GIVE TWO SHITS HOW CHEESY ANYONE THOUGHT THEY WERE OR ABOUT ALL THE LEGAL BULLSHIT BETWEEN GLENN AND THE REST OF THE BAND. I BOUGHT THE 'AMERICAN PSYCHO' ALBUM WHEN IT CAME OUT AND I HAVE TO ADMIT IT KINDA GREW ON ME. I JUST TREATED IT AS ANOTHER BAND THAT SOUNDED LIKE THE MISFITS. WHAT IT COMES DOWN TO IS, I LOVED THEIR SOUND. I LOVED THEIR CHEESY "GHOUISH" IMAGE. I LOVED THEIR OBSCURE LYRICS AND REFERENCES TO 50'S HORROR AND SCI-FI. AS I STOLE THE LOGO FROM THE SUPER LAME MISFITS.COM FOR THIS PAGE, IN MY HEAD I REPLAYED MY FRIEND HANDING ME A CASSETTE AND ASKING, "DO YOU WANT THIS?" THAT WAS OVER 14 YEARS AGO. FIENDS FOREVER!



MAGIC

OVER THE LAST COUPLE OF YEARS, WHENEVER WE TOOK "THE BACK WAY" HOME TO PHILLY, A SESSION AT MAGIC WAS MANDATORY. BRIAN STOPPED THERE A FEW MONTHS AGO AND FOUND THE PLACE LEVELED. HOPEFULLY YOU GOT TO SKATE IT. IF YOU DIDN'T, DON'T WORRY, YOU PROBABLY WOULD HAVE HATED IT ANYWAY. WHEN MY BROTHER EMAILED ME PICS OF THE NOW MUDDY, VACANT LOT WHERE SHE ONCE STOOD, I GOT INSPIRED FOR 20 MINUTES AND WROTE A LETTER TO THRASHER. HERE IT IS. IF YOU DIDN'T CARVE THE 9 BOWL, YOU WEREN'T THERE.

Three poles jammed into blacktop with plywood propped up against them allow Mike Roeder to get "vertical". Wallride, Magic style.



Magic Skatepark, which is outside of Reading, PA (Spinning Wheels to the old heads) is now officially no more. The roughest blacktop on the East Coast and the whackest pool transitions ever poured have finally been laid to rest. My first exposure to "Magic" was in an issue of Thrasher from the 80's. I still remember the two-page black and white spread with a little map and directions right in the corner. I remember showing my dad the map and him saying he could probably find it. He and my mom would load up the station wagons and the coolers to take my friends and I there for my birthday days in the summer. My brother knocked Tom

Groholski off his board the first time we were there and John Schultes gave us Vision stickers and told us how he left H-Street 'cause Tony Mag "was a dick." For almost a decade after it closed (for the first time) you could skate it relatively hassle free just about anytime, as long as you parked at the school and left your ID in the car. My brother and I went to the same college just 20 minutes away so the spring/fall after class and early Sunday morning sessions were always a good time. The locals and taggers (TILC) took just enough care of it to keep the snake run clear and the bowls dry. There were a lot of people who hated it 'cause

unless you had some nice 60mms under your deck you were not gonna go fast enough and you were gonna get tossed, hard. The blacktop was brutal and unforgiving. You could prop yourself up after a break in the shade and find your palms bleeding. If you put your time in you could find some killer lines with "great" Canadian fly-out potential in the bowl at the end of the snake run. We all knew that the day was going to come eventually. It had to. I'm just glad my friends, along with countless others, got to skate it in its salad days. The East has now lost another.

Brian, Mike, me and Josh pose for a snap for mom outside the Magic "proshop". I haven't had a birthday party since. Skating in Jr. High was the best.

MAGIC



I realize now that flyouts are truly lame but back in '96 I could do them all day. Melon.



R.I.P.

Punkers brawl with skinheads during benefit

Associated Press

SANATOGA, Pa. — A riot involving punkers and neo-Nazi skinheads erupted during an animal-rights benefit this weekend, sending nine people to the hospital with injuries ranging from stab wounds to scrapes, authorities said Sunday.

Two people were arrested after concert-goers threw chairs and tables, swung baseball bats and wielded knives during the riot, which started shortly before 10 p.m. at the Academy Hall in Lower Pottsgrove Township, police said.

According to a statement from Lower Pottsgrove Township police, witnesses said neo-Nazis started the riot with their aggressive behavior."



THIS WAS THE INFAMOUS "POTTSTOWN RIOT" SHOW. IT WAS SOME TIME IN THE EARLY NINETIES. THIS WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A PRETTY BIG SHOW AND SINCE IT WAS LESS THAN AN HOUR AWAY, WE KNEW WE'D BE GOING. I'M SURE I'LL GET THIS WRONG BEING AS IT WAS OVER 10 YEARS AGO BUT WAS IT SUPPOSED TO BE INTO ANOTHER, KINGPIN, WORLD'S COLLIDE, REVEAL AND A COUPLE OTHERS. THIS WAS WHEN THE KRSNA'S WERE IN FULL EFFECT IN THE SCENE. I LOVED WHEN THEY BROUGHT THEIR DIFFERENT FOODS TO HAND OUT. SURE IT WAS RECRUITING KIDS TO WASH TOILETS AND BEG FOR CHANGE BUT IT WAS FREE AND IT WAS GOOD. THIS WAS ALSO AT A TIME WHEN I'D DANCE FOR ANY BAND. IT DIDN'T MATTER WHO, I WOULD JUMP AROUND FOR ANYBODY. WHEN ALL THE OTHER HARDCORE KIDS WOULD HAVE THEIR ARMS FOLDED ACROSS THEIR CHESTS IT WOULD JUST BE ME AND THOSE RANDOM METAL KIDS WHO USED TO SHOW UP AT SHOWS WITH THEIR LONG HAIR, JEANS AND HI-TOPS SLAMMING INTO ONE ANOTHER. I DIDN'T CARE. I DON'T EVEN REMEMBER WHO WAS PLAYING BUT ALL OF A SUDDEN ALL THESE SKINS CAME THROUGH THE DOOR IN WHITE T-SHIRTS, SUSPENDERS AND DOGS. THEY CAME UP TO THE BACK OF THE PIT AND STARTED VIBING ON SOME KIDS. NOTHING MAJOR, JUST THE OCCASIONAL POINTING AND LAUGHING AND HECKLING. ONE OF THEM WOULD THEN "MOCK STRAIGHTEDGE DANCE" AND WAIT FOR THE OTHER'S APPROVING LAUGHS. THEY WERE TOTALLY OUTNUMBERED THOUGH SO NO ONE REALLY CARED. I GUESS IT WAS ME HAVING THE HOOD UP ON MY SWEATSHIRT UP THAT MADE ME AND A COUPLE OTHER KIDS BRAVE ENOUGH TO BUMP INTO THEM AND PUSH THEM BACK INTO THEIR LINE DURING BREAKDOWNS. I WAS JUST A CLUELESS KID WHO WANTED TO BUY SOME SHIRTS AND A COUPLE 'ZINES. ANYWAY, I CAN'T SAY I WAS THERE FOR THE ACTUAL RIOT BECAUSE I WASN'T AND THEREFORE CAN'T TELL YOU EXACTLY WHAT SET IT OFF. THERE WAS DEFINITE TENSION IN THE AIR WHILE WE WERE THERE BUT WE LEFT ABOUT A HALF HOUR BEFORE THE SHIT REALLY HIT THE FAN. I'VE HEARD NUMEROUS STORIES ABOUT WHO BEAT UP WHO AND HOW SOME SKINS TRIED TO THROW MY FRIEND OFF THIS DROP BEHIND THE CLUB AND HOW HE HAD TO CLING ONTO THE RAILING FOR DEAR LIFE UNTIL SOMEONE HELPED HIM. I DID HOWEVER SEE SEAN MCABE COME IN WITH A BASEBALL BAT IN HIS BAG AT THE BEGINNING OF THE SHOW. THE FACT THAT IT WAS A BENETTON BAG SHOULD HELP YOU ZERO IN ON THE TIME PERIOD IN WHICH THIS ALL TOOK PLACE. (BRAND NAME CLOTHES AT HARDCORE SHOWS — EARLY NINETIES) I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT WHEN I READ ABOUT IT IN THE PAPER THE NEXT DAY. OUT OF CONCERN, MY DAD HAD A TALK WITH ME ABOUT "THIS WHOLE HARDCORE THING". IT WAS FUCKING EMBARRASSING. I THOUGHT IT WAS FUNNIER WHEN HE SAID, "BRETT! IF I SEE ONE MORE GOD DAMN 'X' IN THIS HOUSE I'M GONNA PRY OPEN YOUR MOUTH AND SHOVE A BEER DOWN YOUR THROAT!"

TWO SHOW PICS

90sight from mouthpiece



SOMEWHERE IN D.C.



SKILLCRANE/STRUCTURE AT THE
TP REUNION SHOW IN CAMDEN

"I'M GOING DOWN WITH A FROWN!"



INTEGRITY

IN CASE YOU'RE WONDERING, HERE'S WHY I GAVE INTEGRITY A FULL PAGE. FOR ME THEY CHANGED EVERYTHING. 'FOR THOSE WHO FEAR TOMORROW' IS IN MY OPINION ONE OF MAYBE 3 "PERFECT" ALBUMS FLOATING AROUND OUT THERE. CALL IT HARDCORE, CALL IT METAL, CALL IT METALCORE. I DON'T CARE. IT KICKED MY ASS. I HAVEN'T BOUGHT ANYTHING BY THEM SINCE 'SYSTEM OVERLOAD' AND I DON'T FEEL A NEED TO. I KNOW FOR A FACT THEY CHANGED THE WAY MY FRIENDS AND I LOOKED AT AND LISTENED TO MUSIC. I WAS SO STOKED TO SEE THEM LIVE. THE FIRST TIME WAS AT MIDDLESEX CCC. MY ONE FRIEND WENT FOR PIZZA AND MISSED THEIR WHOLE SET. THERE WERE A BUNCH OF TOUGH GUY FIGHTS ON THE FLOOR DURING THEIR SET. IT WAS FUN. I SAW THEM AGAIN AT THE CHAMELEON IN LANCASTER, PA. THEY WERE FUCKING BRUTAL. EARTH CRISIS PLAYED TOO. MATT, AARON AND I WENT BACK STAGE TO DIVE FOR THEM. THE BOUNCERS TOLD US WE COULDN'T DIVE BUT WE JUST SAID WE WERE THERE TO WATCH THE BANDS. E.C. STARTS AND MATT RUNS AND FLIPS INTO THE CROWD. THE BOUNCERS GIVE AARON AND I THE DEATH LOOK BUT WE ASSURE HIM ONCE AGAIN WE'RE JUST THERE TO WATCH. AARON WAITS 'TIL THE NEXT SONG AND DOES THE SAME THING. NOW THE BOUNCER BETS IN MY FACE AND REALLY STARES ME DOWN AND TELLS ME I CAN'T DIVE. I SAID, "DUDE, IT'S COOL. I'M REALLY JUST HERE TO WATCH." DURING THE NEXT SONG CARL WAS CROUCHED IN FRONT OF THE CROWD SO I CHARGED THE STAGE AND DID A FRONT HAND SPRING OFF HIS BACK ONTO THE CROWD. THE BOUNCER YANKED ME OFF THE CROWD BY THE NECK OF MY SHIRT AND SHOVED ME OUT THE BACK DOOR. E.C.'S MANAGER GOT ME BACK IN AND I WENT TO THE BALCONY TO THROW THINGS ONTO THE CROWD.

Both of these pics are from the Chameleon show.

OH GOD, I WISH I DIDN'T WEAR A TURTLENECK

next to the misfits, turning point would have to be my favorite band. although you can't even put the two together in the same category so i guess if the misfits are my favorite band, turning point would be my favorite "hard-core" band. i know a lot of people might be thinking "out of ALL the bands out there this asshole chose turning point as his favorite?" if you're one of the individuals who happens to find themselves asking this, my reply to you would be "yes." (yes on the asshole part too.) no youth of today, judge or even black flag...i'll stick with skip. (i know i'll lose some points with some people even mentioning a band post '88 but whatever) a good basis for me to rate my admiration of a band is how much time i spend trying to memorize their lyrics. in TP's case it was how long i spent trying to figure out their lyrics being as i only had a taped copy of the album sans lyric sheet. when i finally got my hands on the album i saw that, with the exception of a few lines, i had come pretty close to figuring out every song. to this day 'before the dawn' is one of probably 3 albums that i know all the words to start to finish. and yes i take great pride in that thank you very much. a lot of bands had one guitarist or vocalist or possibly even a drummer who excelled in musicianship beyond the abilities of the other members of the group. in turning point, i think they all stood out. no one can deny skip's vocal abilities or jay's guitar playing but even ken's drumming and nick's bass in my book were equally as important to the TP sound. then again, since i was the kid with the wood block in the back row at the 3rd grade musical, maybe i shouldn't be the one to judge one's musical capabilities but to me they were tops. when rumors of a reunion show in new jersey began floating around at shows, i knew i had be there. once the date was confirmed as well as the band's supposed \$1,600 gaurantee my friends and i wasted no time sorting out such pertinent details as who's driving who, whose house we would be staying at and how the hell to get there from allentown. maybe some of you were there, maybe you weren't. it was in camden, nj at some shitty bar/venue. it was set up as one of those 2 day shows with like 12 bands playing both nights. i don't even remember who all played. i do remember 108's and snapcase's sets standing out. the place was really packed. i think earth crisis even played one night. before TP came on structure/skillcrane played. i loved the structure 7" as well as the skillcrane demo. if you've ever heard them you'd know that they're two totally different styles of music. the singer of skillcrane didn't quite nail the old structure songs like steve keebler could but it was still sick. call me sentimental but i liked seeing the whole turning point crew chillin' on stage before they played. you could tell they were all just friends hanging out and showing support for their friends' band for one last time. judging by the brews in their hands it was pretty apparent these guys weren't exactly into "straightedge hardcore" anymore but these were the dudes who had probably been at every single turning point show since day one and came out for one last set to support their friends. i thought it was pretty cool. anyway, enough bullshitting. turning point takes the stage, hits the first note and the place explodes. this place was way too packed to begin with but now every last motherfucker in there is trying to rush the stage, grab the mic, dive and/or get their mosh on. i tried to dance but literally could not budge. i decided to be a man about the situation and work my way to the stage to get my two cents in on the mic. i did get a couple lines in as well a blatant mic pass from skip during 'descent' which made my night. "...watch while life passes me by!" was all mine. i remember there were a lot of technical difficulties and some songs had to be restarted like three times. it was a low ceiling so the kids that were floating were kicking out the tiles. that brought in the bouncers who formed a wall at the front of the stage to prevent any further property damage. it was also a low stage so unless you were right up front all you saw were the bouncer's yellow staff jackets. they played all the classics that night and managed to exude just enough enthusiasm to fool some in the crowd into thinking they were still into it after all these years. i remember after the last song skip saying, "we're turning point, see ya never again." have more poetic words ever been spoken? not in my book. peace in the middle east G!

BEAT



yo suede, what up brotha!

"THIS ONE GOES OUT TO CAPTAIN GASOLINE
AND FRANKIE CUZ HE'S ON CAMPUS
SOMEWHERE HE JUST DON'T KNOW WHERE WE AT."



we want our money and we want it now

COLLEGE

5:30 CLUB
(610) 683-0819

530 College Blvd. in Kutztown
(in other words, in our living room)

Saturday, Sept. 7th... 7:00 PM

\$1.00 Door

Get ready for
KU
HARDCORE

rain on the parade

ATARI REGULAR



Atari at the 5:30 Club. The flyer is to the right. This show was fun as hell. It was also hot as hell and illegal as hell. It got shut down before ROTP could play.

Brian enjoys a cold one at 169 with a little help from Kegger and the Atari Bong.



From Fall of 1994 until Spring of 1998 I attended Kutztown University in Kutztown, PA. One page comes nowhere close to doing this period of my life justice and I debated even including anything about it at all for that very reason. Here are a couple snaps from it anyhow.

K-town Mosh Krew...True 'til Fuck You.

GO TO COLLEGE, BE A MAN,
WHAT'S THE FUCKING DEAL?
IT'S NOT HOW OLD I AM
IT'S HOW OLD I FEEL. - Minor Threat



While Kool Mo' B and "Weller" owned K-town Halloween '94, the Noble St. stormtroopers stole the show in '96 and still hold the title to this day.



Before they banned skating on campus we'd skate in front of the cafeteria before dinner every single night. Here, Eric Unger snaps a table that the Frats use to play beer pong.



169 W. Main St.
Fuck all, ya'll
motherfuckers.



Saturday, May 6, 1995 3:00 p.m.

grow

Blindside

X Atari X

pinstripe

Rain Still Falls
outcome
contempt
empathy

At some firehall near Easton.
Call scott at 398-4344 for details.

DIRECTION ON BACK

first show May 6, 1995

THE FOLLOWING WAS WRITTEN OVER A YEAR AGO FOR AN ATARI DISCOGRAPHY THAT HAS NEVER GONE BEYOND THE PLANNING STAGE FOR THE PAST 3 YEARS. I DEBATED ON WHETHER OR NOT I SHOULD EVEN INCLUDE IT IN HERE SEEING AS HOW IT SEEMS KIND OF LAME TO WRITE ABOUT ONE'S OWN BAND. IT MAY SEEM POMPOUS TO SOME, (HELL, IT KIND OF DOES TO ME) BUT THIS BAND WAS A BIG PART OF MY LIFE FOR THE BETTER PART OF 7 YEARS. SO LIKE IT OR NOT, WHETHER YOU'VE EVER HEARD US OR NOT, WITHOUT FURTHER ADIEU, I GIVE YOU THE COMPLETE HISTORY OF...



THE ULTIMATE
SKATE AND DESTROY
SHOW!

ATARI
LAST SHOW EVER!

LIFE SET
STRUGGLE

carpenterant

Neil perry

TORNADO
OF KNIVES

SAT. NOV. 3RD
4:00 PM
AT THE WAREHOUSE
DIRECTIONS...BROKENMANRECORDS@AOL.COM

this side, T to B:
Chris Pollard - vocals
Nate Clemens - guitar
Justin Staggs - guitar
Brett Barto - bass
Jon Nigro - drums
(original line-up,
first show only)

that side, T to B:
Brett Barto - vocals
Nate Clemens - guitar
Andrew Low - guitar
Bryan Gassler - bass
Jon Nigro - drums
(final line-up)

last show November 3, 2001

"The singer was wearing a gay mesh hat and had a mullet and he was by far the coolest. The rest of the band looked like girls." -Rev. board post after Atari's controversial Posi-Fest III appearance

"#1 Atari...#10 Atari."
-Rev. board post on the 10 worst things about Posi-Fest III

"You guys sucked."
-Andrew's friend after a show in Red Bank, NJ

"Can I have a demo?"
-Bobby Francis, Las Vegas

"Like a leaky faucet, I'll fix you." -Chris Pollard

"Get back in the house. It's cocaine." -Jon Nigro



in the summer of '93, hardcore basically sucked. by that time it had been sucking for a couple of years. it seemed as if everyone just stood around at all the shows with their backpacks and patches and huge jeans and visors. no one danced. no one sang along. no one really cared. we still went to all the shows we could (9 times out of 10 in new jersey or philadelphia) but we just stood around with our arms folded and felt our legs fall asleep during each band's set. in between songs was the worst. it was dead silent. don't get me wrong, there were still some awesome shows complete with stagedives and sing alongs but those were mostly mouth-piece/ressurrection/lifetime shows whom we had all seen numerous times over the past two years. i was still buying all the t-shirts and 7"s but i remember thinking to myself "this kinda sucks, we're driving to new jersey every weekend and paying all their lame ass tolls just to stand around and see all the same bands we've been seeing for the past two years." we'd be listening to chain of strength, gorilla biscuits, judge and the like and thinking how awesome it would have been to see those bands play. we'd watch videos of youth of today and see kids going off the entire set and stage diving to songs ray introduced as "brand new". i was born a year too late to see judge and gorilla biscuits play just 30 minutes from my house. my dad didn't quite trust me with the car yet.

in the fall of '93, my brother brian started college at kutztown university (just 20 miles from our hometown) and i settled in for my senior year of high school. at college, my brother became good friends with nate clemens (guitar) whom i had actually met at a local show a couple years ago. my friends and i would go up to visit brian and hang out with the other skaters that went to school there and then hit the local record store before heading home. one of the first times i went to visit my brother was halloween of '93. we went to a house party where the five guys that lived there were all dressed as the smurfs. they were all wearing blue shirts and blue make-up with white hats. one of the guys was wearing an old, beat up, blue smorgasbord records straight edge shirt. his name was jon nigro (drums). jon was a few years older than us and he lived with a couple of punks in town who put on shows and parties in their garage. he was the drummer for nate's band at the time, pinstripe. i could already see that kutztown had it's own little "scene" going on. i started going to kutztown more often and became really good friends with nate through skating/snowboarding and shows.

my brother and i had been in a band together called blindsides since high school. we had a small local following but nothing too big. playing shows was really fun with blindsides. since we basically only played local shows, it would be a lot of our friends up front, dancing and singing along. in the summer of '94 we played a party at a kid's house with another pennsylvania band, turmoil. we set up right next to the pool in the backyard and everyone just did "stage-dives" off the diving board the whole time. after the show, we all went out to eat. we're talking about how fun the show had been and how it seems like everyone in the hardcore scene was taking things a little too "seriously". especially at shows, where everyone was afraid to be the first to dance or sing along, it seemed like no one was having fun anymore. that night, we decided to form a band that was all about hardcore, having fun, fingerpointing, stagedives and above all else, straight edge. the original line-up (formed on the spot at the restaurant) was brian-vocals, nate-guitar, john pospichil (blindsides drummer)-drums and myself-bass. i never played bass before but i didn't care. i just wanted to do jumps. we decided to name the band "atari". we chose atari because it was the one thing that we all had in common while we were growing up. it consumed countless hours of our youth and we all loved every minute we spent blistering the web of skin between our thumb and forefinger trying to beat the high score and get to the next level of play. (it also means "prepare to be attacked" in japanese which i think is pretty cool.)

the fall of that same year i also started college at kutztown university. now nate, brian and i all went to the same university along with chris pollard, a longtime friend of blindsides. we began a major propaganda campaign for our new band. we had shirts, stickers and graffiti promoting atari at shows and around school. not long after i had started at kutztown, brian and john had started drinking and were immediately kicked out of the band before we even had our first practice. chris moved to vocals and we asked jon nigro to play drums. pinstripe's guitarist, justin staggs also joined on second guitar. with an all straight edge line-up we were ready to go. i still didn't have a bass or any equipment for that matter and chris had never sung a note in his life. we didn't care. nate and i were really into the whole idea of atari. we both were/are die-hard turning point fans and joked how we would be just like them. (i.e. start off playing totally straight edge hardcore, become a bit more melodic by the first album, become very melodic with "deep" lyrics by the third release and then all be drinking by the time we broke up)

blindsides was set to play what would ultimately be their last show. we knew that it had to be atari's first. we made flyers with atari in big black letters, surrounded by x's with all the other band's names about half as big. we posted them all around campus and told all our friends. approximately 2 weeks before the show we decided we should practice. nate wrote a song and taught it to me on his acoustic guitar. he stole the breakdown from wide awake's *last straw*. he and i would sit in his room and he'd plug into his practice amp and play while i "strummed" the bass line on the acoustic guitar. we couldn't wait to play. we told chris he needed to come up with some lyrics. a few days later, he met us for lunch in the cafeteria and

chris is wearing the judge shirt that chad wore to dorney park when he wanted to run into the gorilla biscuits.



SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31
AT THE SWEAT SHOP
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N. 4TH AND TILGHMAN)
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(GET CARD AT THE DOOR)
MORE INFO: (610) 448-3600
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ATARI
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ICOUNTMEOUT
POWERFUL RICHMOND, VA HC

TRANSFORMER HALLOWEEN

i spent more money on pumpkins for the jack-o-lanterns we had on stage than we made at this show.



nate at our second show.

said "i got it." he pulled out a piece of paper that looked like it had been scraped off the bottom of a garbage can. it was in chris' unbreakable code which he calls handwriting. he had written it in his last class. his song was called *joystick fury*. we had our first song. (chris' original lyric sheet appears on the back of the *too tired to drive home 7"*) now all we had to do was practice as a complete band.

we managed to get to jon's house to practice a week before the show. nate borrowed a bass guitar for me from his friend back home. we called it the banana bass because the friend's little sister had painted a banana and flowers on the back of it. i knew nate's song (*joystick fury*) pretty well but justin wrote one where i couldn't keep up with the changes. it was decided that i should just play the same note throughout the whole part which was fine by me since that allowed for more jumps. we chose *true 'til death* by chain of strength as our cover. now we had a full set of 2 originals (*joystick fury* and *donkey kong*) and 1 cover. we were ready. the day of the show came and we couldn't wait until it was our chance to play. we decided we would jump on after blindside's set. since blindside was headlining and atari wasn't on the bill, the sound guy started packing up his gear as we charged the stage and plugged in. (in the video of the show you can see our friend pleading with him to leave his equipment turned on for just 5 more minutes.) our set was everything i could have hoped it would be. we had taught our friends the lyrics for the breakdown of *joystick fury* in the parking lot before the show so we could have people singing along while we played. we blazed through our 2 originals and went right into *true 'til death*. chris never found/took the time to memorize the lyrics for it, so in a brilliant, totally improvised move, he decided he'd just sit on the stage and tap his feet. luckily, an anonymous crowd member recognized the tune and grabbed the mic from chris' hand just as the lyrics started. our first show came to a close with a huge pile-on onstage with all our friends on the bottom. a year would pass before atari took the stage again.

by this time justin had started drinking and i was given the unpleasant task of kicking him out of the band. it was especially difficult since we were living together. (my sophomore year at college nate, chris, justin, my brother and i all shared an apartment off campus.) andrew low (guitar) had started his freshman year at kutztown and we got to know each other through skating around campus and mutual friends. he played guitar and was into hardcore so we asked him if he wanted to play for atari. ronny little of rain on the parade (which was in it's infancy at the time) also transferred to kutztown that year. i met him through nate. with long hair and a cable knit sweater he didn't look like what i expected the author of "fuck you fanzine" to look like. he was really cool to us and we went on to become good friends, playing numerous shows with r.o.t.p. in the years to come. another friend, andy frobase, had just started a band called rancor back home. i couldn't help but feel that hardcore was about to take a turn for the better.

we got our second show (over a year after our first) with rain on the parade, rancor and stillwater (john from blindside's new band). by now we had an intro, 3 original songs plus the chain of strength cover as well as *fed up* by judge. i couldn't wait to play again. we borrowed andrew's brother's bass and i broke down and bought a bass amp. the day of the show came and we had a good size group of friends show up for support. i don't know if it was the stage lights or the presence of an actual crowd but we basically sucked that night. chris didn't prove to be the front man we had hoped for and no matter how much i liked to jump, the fact still remained that i couldn't play bass. it was decided that i would move to vocals and chris would become the roadie. andrew told us he knew someone that might be interested in playing bass. he introduced us to bryan gassler (bass) (who also attended kutztown university) and once again we were a complete band.

we started practicing once a week and at every practice, nate had a new song. they all seemed to consist of "fast part-breakdown, fast part-breakdown, end" which jon didn't exactly consider a "challenge" to his drumming ability but which was fine by me. we were all straight edge and the members that needed to play instruments, could actually play them. things started to fall into place. i managed to come up with lyrics that spanned such immensely broad topics as straight edge, friends and unity. i loved being able to write over-the-top lyrics to over-the-top songs. everyone came from varied musical backgrounds and brought something different to the band through their influences and musical styles. soon, we had enough songs for a demo. we recorded an eight song demo and threw together a cut and paste layout to sell/give away at shows. we all chose our "band names" carefully for the demo. brett "berserk" barto-vocals, nathan "pitfall" clemens-guitar, jon "sprint" nigro-drums, andrew "kaboom" low-guitar, bryan "invader" gassler-bass and chris "combat" pollard-roadie.

in the fall of my junior year at kutztown, ronny little and his housemates put on a show at their house with atari, r.o.t.p. and another local kutztown band. this turned out to be one of my favorite shows. school had just started again and we were excited to be playing and to see if any new hardcore kids had started attending kutztown university. i remember pulling up to the house and the street being completely filled with kids. people i never would have expected to see at a hardcore show showed up. kutztown really did have a strong punk/hardcore scene and i was glad to be a part of it. the show got shut down before r.o.t.p. could play but i had a blast

the stalag ramp ruled. enough said.

Sunday, April 25

a benefit show for Stalag 13's backyard ramp

posi-fest II. i think.



andrew, chuck and dave in the big, gay van.



nate in dc. the money we got from this show was used to buy the "atari porno".



during our set. we all started the show in hooded sweatshirts (hoods up of course) until the heat in the living room became unbearable. by this time, hardcore was just getting back on its feet with bands like rain on the parade, rancor, floorpunch and ten yard fight leading the way.

chris kelly of teamwork records heard our demo and asked us if we wanted to be on an upcoming compilation on his label. of course we said yes. nate had a new song that he had written and we decided that it would be the one we would record for the comp. we went to the studio and while the band was recording, i was sitting on the couch trying to come up with lyrics that rhymed. that song was *times together* and i can honestly say that without that song, i wouldn't be writing this. i'll never forget the day i went to the mailbox and opened a letter addressed to atari from germany. the kid said he had heard our song on the growing stronger compilation and was wondering if we had anything else available. as i dropped our demo into the mailbox in an envelope addressed to germany, i couldn't believe it. the record sold well and chris kelly asked us if we'd be interested in doing a 7" on his label. again, of course, we said yes.

we didn't have the greatest relationship with chris kelly while he was putting out our 7" but after a few heated phone conversations and false deadlines, the record finally came out. we got to play a lot of great shows with a lot of great bands. i remember one show in particular was in hagerstown, maryland. we weren't even on the bill until the last minute and our name doesn't appear on the flyer. basically, all the bands that were crucial to the revival of youth crew/old school/real hardcore, played this show. our record had just come out and i was really nervous since there were a lot of kids there. we started playing and i saw, up front and off to the side of the stage, a kid singing along and starting to dance. up until this point our friends were the only ones who knew the words and actually moved when we played. we closed with *times together* and kids just rushed the stage. someone claimed the title of "first kid to stage dive at an atari show" that night. i remember looking at nate and knowing that we were thinking the same thing. we couldn't believe that kids were actually singing our songs. the ones i wrote lyrics to on the sides of class projects and while listening to tapes of practices in my room. the ones i tried to make less about straight edge because some of the members were no longer "true 'til death". shows just kept getting better and better. every time we played in a new town, i'd try to meet up with one of the local skaters or just go off with andrew, chris or my brother and check out the "spots". i got to skate a lot of awesome spots because of atari.

andrew and bryan were in another band at the same time with dan o'neil (ex-rain on the parade bassist) called the jazz june. atari and the jazz june ended up playing a bunch of shows together which is surprising because of the two bands' extremely varied styles of music. this never caused much of a problem booking shows but i started to hear rumors of atari being broken up or changing styles and not playing hardcore anymore. the jazz june went on a few cross country tours which meant that atari would be on hiatus until they returned. in the entire summer of '97 we only played one show. instead of being bummed out from the lack of shows, my brother made some "atari 1997 summer tour" posters that were completely empty except for one show date in the middle. that's what i loved about atari. we could just goof off and have a good time and make fun of ourselves not caring what anybody else thought. sometimes when we'd be recording demos to send out we'd "personalize" them for whomever it was we were sending them to. andrew, chris and i would record ourselves at the end of the tape telling the kid about our day and how the weather was and other stupid stuff. we'd tell them about shows we went to or bands they should check out and movies they should see. there was this one kid, bobby francis from las vegas who we chose as atari's honorary "#1 fan". we used to send him all kinds of junk like pictures we drew or papers we wrote in school, just stupid shit that this kid would open up and say "what the hell is this?" we even made his demo the "limited edition bobby francis demo" complete with an entirely different layout.

our friends dave turtzo and jim moyer asked us to do another 7" on their new label, broken man records. soon after we recorded, we got asked to play 3 shows with reach the sky and fastbreak starting in pennsylvania then going on to toronto and montreal. three days in a row of shows. our first (and only) "tour". we rented a van, printed new shirts and stickers, made the limited "canadian tour" cover for the new record, took off work, and hit the road. this trip is what i like to remember atari by. just the band and seven of our closest friends having an absolute blast. even though jon messed up *times together* at the first two shows, all three were awesome. when we got to toronto i had no idea what to expect. the flyer on the club's door said "atari's first show in 2 years". i didn't think anyone would know the words or much less dance. we plugged in and while nate, andrew and bryan were just tuning up, kids started stage diving. i got chills. it was a perfect show. first we got to skate the city, which seemed to have been built for skateboarding, and now all the kids were signing along and diving while all our friends were in the pit just being idiots and smiling. jon was able to remember how *times together* ended by the time we got to montreal (which is even better for skating than toronto). we drove home through the night and got to skate an old closed down skatepark the next day. it was the perfect road trip.



in nate's dorm room, he and sarge discuss the pitiful condition of hardcore in 1994.

ex-vegan, andrew low



jonny sprint bangs the drum as only he can. shit got done.



gas face killa and pitfall rock out at sea sea's in moosic, pa in front of rural gansters in polo visors and tommy windbreakers. javelin went over smashingly.



by now, we were all out of school and working except for bryan and andrew who both had one more year at kutztown university. this made getting time off for shows more difficult. we had to cancel a lot of shows at the last minute which did win us any fans. we started getting the reputation as the band that "only goes to their own shows" and never plays outside of their hometown area. it got to the point where we'd go months between shows. by this time, i was the only one in the band who was still straight edge. we got asked to play the third "positive numbers fest" which by now had become a much anticipated, three day hardcore fest. we had played the first two and had gotten a great response and all the kids had been really cool to us. we hadn't practiced in months and i was a little nervous about playing since i knew there would be a lot of people there and some kids were even coming from europe to interview us. the day of the show i was really sick which didn't help things either. when we got to kutztown to pick up bryan and andrew, bryan said he didn't want to play the show. he was stoned out of his mind and he hid in a graveyard hoping we'd leave without him. when we finally found him, we made him get in the car and he slept the whole way to the show. we were listening to our songs on the way to the show for practice. we pulled up to the show late (another trademark of ours which didn't help our reputation) and i hoped for the best. we actually played really well but i felt like i couldn't give it 100% since first of all i felt like shit and second, i was half listening to hear if everyone was playing the songs correctly. we made it through the set and i figured it went alright. i remember giving the interview after our set and finding myself not knowing how to answer some of the questions. what would these kids think if they knew how 2 hours ago our bassist was stoned out of his mind? i couldn't speak for the rest of the band and i didn't want to. we were all just good friends playing music together. i never wanted to have to make excuses for any of my friends. we ended up getting slammed pretty hard on the revelation message board the next week by some people who weren't very impressed by our performance or appearance. i guess, to some people, unless you're wearing nike air force ones with a youth crew '88 shirt and a crew cut, you're not hardcore. i chalked it up as loss but i also found myself realizing it wasn't the same as it used to be. by now, we had 2 members playing every show stoned while i'm on stage screaming about staying true. don't get me wrong, we were still all really close friends and still having a great time together but the future of atari started to seem uncertain. we had to cancel some more shows due to scheduling conflicts and i found myself trying to pick a show for the "last show".

by now there weren't really any show offers, we didn't have any plans for any new releases, and the letters had stopped coming all together. when i was 24 i drank for the first time in my life. i lost my edge at a strip club by taking a shot out of a test tube that was held between a girl's breasts. (hey, if you're gonna go out, you might as well go out in style). brian, nate, chris and i were now living together in philadelphia. jon had his own place in philadelphia too while andrew was in new jersey and bryan was in new york.

brian, chris, and i were renting a warehouse where we had built some ramps with dave and jim of broken man. there was a stage left in one of the corners from the previous renters. we got in touch with bryan and andrew and told them we were going to play our last show at the warehouse. we told some friends and made some flyers to pass out. we had our friend ray gurz's (devoted atari fan from the start) band carpenter ant play as well as life set struggle, neil perry and tornado of knives (my new band). it was great to see bands playing with kids skating in the background. a lot of friends came out to see us play our last show and looking back, there's a lot of stuff i wish i would've said to them onstage. november 3, 2001 turned out to be just like the flyer said, "the ultimate skate and destroy show".

i can honestly say that my times with atari were some of the best. as cliché as this may sound, i know i'll never forget them. the friendships i've made really do mean the world to me. all the kids that sang along, all the kids that wrote (especially the ones we never wrote back to), all the bands we played with and everyone who ever came up to me and shook my hand and said "nice set", trust me, it meant a lot. i doubt that atari had any major impact on the hardcore scene. although we were around for almost 7 years, we were only actually playing shows for about 3. i went back on a lot of things i used to sing about just like a lot of bands that i used to make fun of for doing just that. i'm sure a lot of people have written us off as just another "youth crew revival band" or "sell outs" or whatever. we were by no means the biggest band of our "era" and never toured anywhere or had a web page or made any money off of the band. we never put out a 12" or a cd or had our records on ebay go for much more than their original selling price. but then again, when i was practicing *joystick fury* on nate's acoustic guitar, i never thought i'd get a letter from a kid in norway telling me how his band ends their set with a cover of *up front*. what means the most to me are the stories. everybody has their own. whether it's a story about a show or a stagedive or just the car ride getting to the show, they're all great stories. they may not mean anything to anyone else besides you and your friends but they're not supposed to. they're yours because you lived them. they're yours because you made them happen. atari gave me a lot of great stories. thanks for taking the time to read all this crap. now get up and do whatever the fuck you want to. it's your life. just fucking GO!

skate tough - brett barto (vocals)

IF YOU READ THIS WHOLE THING, YOU HAVE NO LIFE

the "canadian tour crew".
atari plus dave, don, chuck,
jim, chris, brian and ray.



if anything, we were ahead of our time. i mean think of all the gay mesh hats you see nowadays. this one was a 7 seconds one to boot. the hair was a bet.



the grapevine trellace and drop ceiling is a dead give away that it's scarlet's.



niagara falls after playing buffalo.
(token group photo to end article)



OUTRO

CONSIDER YOURSELF THANKED.

LETTER BOMBS / SHANNYN SOSSAMON PICTURES: 222 SUMAC ST. - APT. ONE - PHILADELPHIA, PA 19128 / NOCOMPLY82@HOTMAIL.COM

JOKES: *WHY DO GIRLS WEAR MAKE-UP AND PERFUME?*

BECAUSE THEY'RE UGLY AND THEY SMELL BAD. (This one has yet to score me any numbers)

WISDOM: GET SOME WHILE YOU CAN.

DOG: MAZZY



...LATER